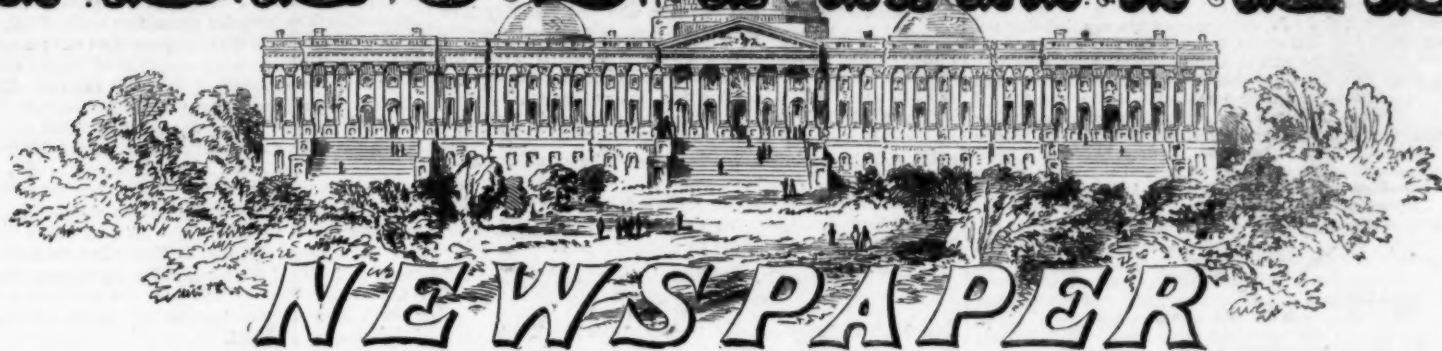


# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1860, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

Whole No. 236.—Vol. X., No. 2.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1860.

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## JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

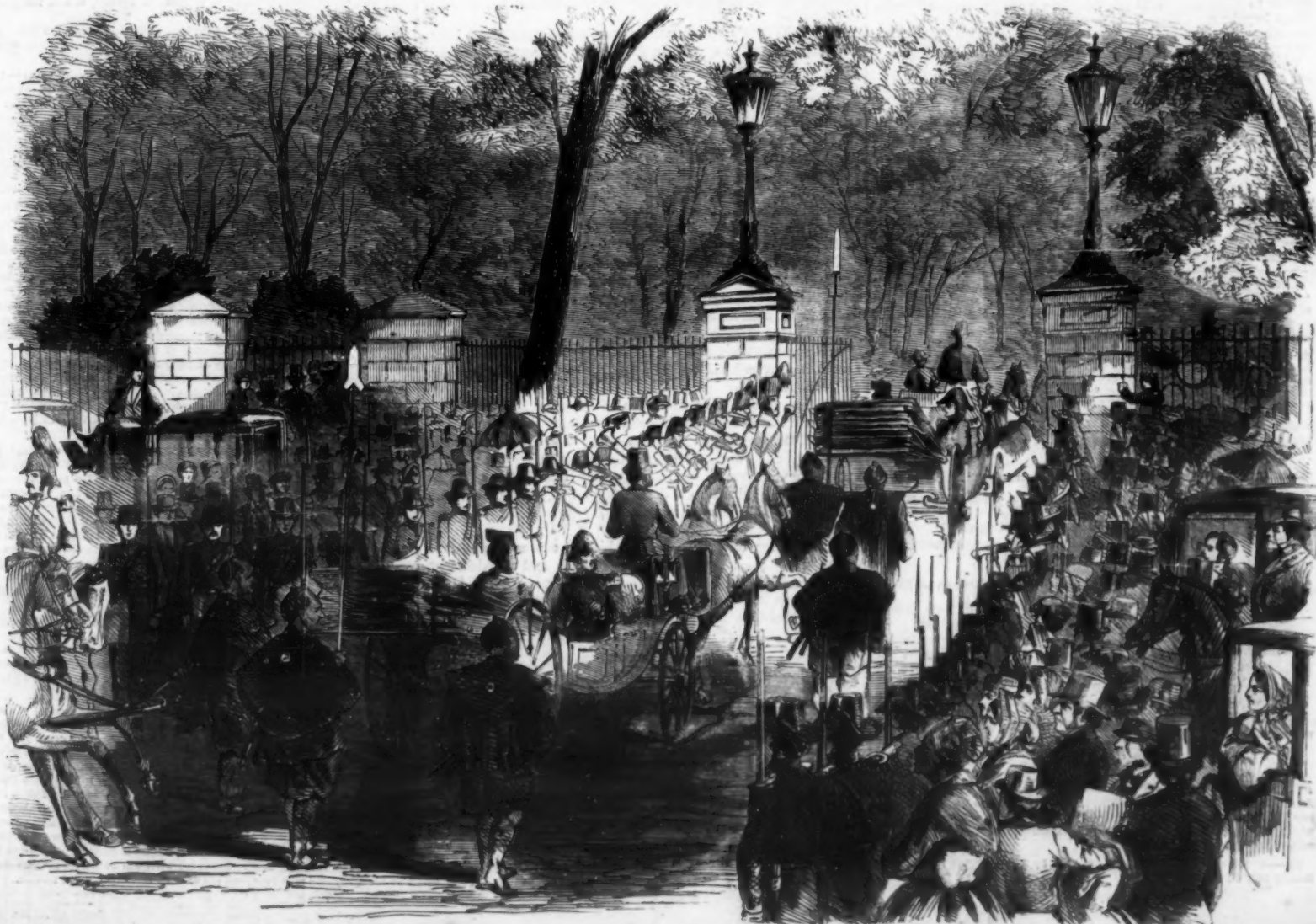
(Continued.)

THE great characteristic which distinguishes the Japanese in the most decided manner from all other Oriental races is a passion for the acquisition of every species of knowledge. They love to learn for practical purposes, for amusement, for accomplishment, and to gratify pride. Their etiquette and social culture have induced a high self-opinion, and they believe that with the same facilities they can keep pace with the men of Western Europe and America. Strangers in Japan have observed the universal custom of carrying note-books, and the extraordinary and apparently general custom of recording all curious facts, or even well turned remarks which they hear in conversation. Sketching is almost universal among the educated, and they draw continually. In this as in nearly everything which indicates an active intelligence they are as different from Chinese as white from black. A Chinese who has made the appointed studies rests quiet in the faith that his mind is "improved about enough," and that the past of his own country contains all wisdom worth acquiring. Commissioner Yeh, who bore the reputation of being a learned man, was asked during his imprisonment if he wanted books. He replied that he required none—that the course of study which had given him his rank embraced all reading requisite. Such a reply was exquisitely Chinese, but it would never have been made by a Japanese.

As may be supposed, such people are ingenious, practical and industrious. They work well in metals. Their swords and cutting instruments are of very excellent steel, and Golownin says that he observed among them carpenters' tools, and particularly saws, equal to those of English make. They observe with quickness any foreign novelty in metal work, and imitate it with great accuracy—in the case of our own Sharpe's rifle they even intro-



THE PRINCE ALIGHTING AT WILLARD'S HOTEL ON HIS RETURN FROM VISITING THE PRESIDENT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



ARRIVAL OF THE JAPANESE AMBASSADORS AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, ON THEIR WAY TO BE PRESENTED TO THE PRESIDENT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



To —. The article in question was written by George Wilkes, Esq.; his responsibility may be depended upon.

**Congress** has donated \$50,000 to send the first captured cargo of slaves back to African barbarism. The same amount will be required to send back to heathen darkness and holocaustic black kings the second cargo just captured off the Isle of Pines. Would it not be as well to expend this large sum of money in doing something for the miserable vagrant children who die by the thousand every year in the streets of our great cities? Like Rose Dartle, we merely ask for information. It is not at all improbable that we shall have to pay for these cargoes half a dozen times over, like the Dutchman's horse, which was regularly stolen every year, and returned when he had offered a good reward. The voting a large sum to send these colored persons back is really paying for them and giving them back again to encourage the black rascals over there to kidnap more. Let us see what will be done to the gentlemen who brought these men over, and put us to all this expense and trouble.



## PERSONAL.

The toadyism of the human race is disgusting. The inhabitants of Nice have signed a petition to the Emperor and Empress, begging that the title of Count of Nice may be conferred on the young Prince Imperial. Such slaves deserve tyrants.

A very peculiar correspondence has taken place between Mr. Greeley and Morgan and Mosher of Aurora; it has been amicably arranged by Mr. Greeley paying three cents.

PERCEC DE JOURVILLE is now travelling in the United States. He has denied the statement of the late Eliza Williams, that he acknowledged that half-red clergyman to be a Bourbon. We shall think all the better of the departed minister for not being of the Bourbon family.

E. B. HART has returned from his trip to Europe. He went on a joint expedition of Mars and Venus.

PHOTOMINI is married at last to the Duke Gaetani. He is a man of property, and she has \$200,000.

EVERETT SYME, the proprietor of the Melbourne *Argus*, is dead. He was a well-known writer in the Westminster Review.

EX-PRESIDENT PIERCE and Sidney Webster were in New York for several days.

SHERMAN M. BOOTH, a prisoner in Milwaukee jail for resistance to the Fugitive Law, lately turned the key upon the jailer, took a walk, and then returned to release his victim, resuming his own captive position.

MR. WILSON pulled Mr. Russell's nose, and has been obliged to find bail in two thousand dollars. Mr. Cate struck Mr. Thompson's nose and seriously damaged it. It was held only at five hundred dollars. We thus find how far superior an Alderman's nose is to an editor's. We think Wilson's hand never will be clean again after pulling an Alderman's nose.

It is reported that Prince Albert is trying to billet another of his numerous family off on the British nation. It is a female cousin, who is setting her cap at the Duke of Cambridge. That noble duke has for years had a left-hand duchess in the person of a Miss Fairbrother, a beautiful actress.

ELIZA LOGAN, the charming Western actress, before she married Mr. Wood, settled all her property on herself. Love is not always blind.

MR. HOREMAN, a member of the House of Commons, has given a lecture to the London Times, and severely rebuked that paper for its not contenting itself with a political campaign against public men, but with endeavoring to crush them personally. Lord Palmerston said he had been often attacked by that organ, but had never been much disturbed by it.

CAPTAIN McCLELLAND, of the United States Army, has married the amiable and beautiful daughter of Major Marcy, whose gallant exploits in Mexico are so well known. It took place in Calvary church (Rev. Dr. Hawkes), and was quite a stylish affair. Never before were so many doves found in a Hawke's nest. Many of them were ring doves.

The Hon. George Ticknor has recently presented two thousand volumes to the Boston Public Library.

SENATOR CROWNS, of Mississippi, was lately relieved of five hundred dollars while staying at his hotel in Washington.

The great Carling-Shaw breach of promise case is again before the St. Louis Courts.

MISS CECIL ROSE, whose marriage with Mr. Bogart we announced a short time since, is dead.

A BRUTE, named James O'Brien, lately sent his son, a boy of twelve years old, into a well with a lighted candle to explode the carbonic acid gas. The boy nearly lost his life in this wicked experiment.

COLONEL DANIEL COLEMAN, of Danville, Virginia, lately died there, aged ninety-two. He was engaged in the Revolutionary war.

HON. W. C. PRESTON, a distinguished South Carolinian, died at Columbia on the 22d, in his sixty-seventh year.

JOHN BROCKHAM, the brilliant wit, and par excellence the Dramatist of America, is about visiting his native country after an absence of nearly twenty years. He will sail in the Persia, in July next.

MR. GREELY and Mr. Raymond are having an editorial duel in Printing House Square. Weapons, pens and ink.

TIFFANY, the famous jeweller, has just completed the gold-headed cane intended for McDonald, the traitor of John C. Hennessy, the American Champion. It is of pure Malacca. The gold head is about two inches high, and represents "Honest Jack" on one knee watching the fight with great intemperance. Around the head of the cane is a rope ring. In another compartment are two trout rods crossed, and an elegant bunch of fish, and a hand net, while a little shrub forms an appropriate background. There are other designs to complete this most beautiful work of art. It bears the following inscription:

PRESENTED TO

JOHN C. HENNESSY,  
BY  
NEIL BRYANT AND MICHAEL PHILAN,  
In testimony of their appreciation of his efforts as  
Trainer and Second of  
JOHN C. HENNESSY, THE AMERICAN CHAMPION,  
In his contest with Thomas Fayers,  
for the  
Championship of the World,  
April 17, 1890.  
A Faithful Friend and an Honest Man.

## PASSING NOTICES.

**Walling's Map of New York and its Environs.**—This Map has just been published by S. D. Tilden, from actual surveys by H. F. Walling. It is very minute and elaborate, extending some fifteen miles in each direction, including the whole of Staten Island on the south, King's and Queen's counties as far as Rockaway and Great Neck on the east, positions of Union, Middlesex, Essex, Bergen and Passaic counties in New Jersey on the west, and Westchester county to Hunt's Bridge and New Rochelle, also including Paterson, New Jersey, on the north.

The map has been carefully constructed from original surveys, together with the most recent city surveys, the United States coast surveys, charts, &c. Country residences, farm-houses, &c., are all located, and the owners' names given. In the cities the streets, wharves, city railroads, parks, public buildings, ward lines, &c., &c., are fully exhibited. Distances in miles from the City Hall are indicated by circles. The Harbor Commissioners' lines of piers, the channel, shoals, lines of one, two and three fathoms of water are laid down from recent surveys. The whole forms a map which seems indispensable in the library or counting-room of every intelligent citizen. Office of publication, 358 Pearl street.

**W. Schaus, 629 Broadway,** has just published a splendid portrait of Mr. John C. Hennessy, the Champion of America. It is a correct and admirable likeness, and it is got out in fine style. The admirers of the Champion will hail the appearance of this striking portrait of their favorite.

## LITERATURE.

SHERBORN & Co. have sent us a new novel called *Mary Bunyan, the Dreamer's Blind Daughter*, a tale of religious persecution; by Sallie Rochester Ford. This tale is founded upon historical incidents in the life of John Bunyan, tinker, itinerant preacher and author of the Pilgrim's Progress. It tells how he was persecuted by bigoted and unjust men—what he suffered for faith's sake and conscience, and how manfully he fought against bitter scorn and oppression. It speaks also of the devotion—the love unto death of woman, which was his consolation and support, after that One great support, through all his heavy trials and cruel persecutions. The story is simply, earnestly and quaintly told, and is of deep interest.

THAYER & Eldridge, of Boston, have published another work by James Redpath, called *Echoes of Harper's Ferry*. It is a mere compilation of sermons, speeches, lectures and poems of every degree of reasonable sentiment, in denunciation of that bigoted madman, John Brown. All the prominent anti-slavery men have contributed their quota to this inflammatory volume. As we said of the previous work of Mr. Redpath, it had better never been published, and we cannot but deeply reprobate and condemn a work which openly advocates the dissolution of the Union, and which indicates, if it does not advise, a desolating servile war.

We have received from CHARLES B. NORTON, New York, *Norton's Hand Book of Travel in Europe*. The plan of this work is very practical. It opens with general hints to travellers about money, passports, letters of introduction, costume, savings of time, &c. It then lays down various routes for England, Ireland and Scotland; then the Continental tour, beginning with Paris—through Belgium back to Paris, and thence through Italy, Austria, Bavaria and Switzerland—the Rhine and Holland—the Mediterranean tour—Russia and Prussia—Portugal and Spain. The directions are so arranged that parties visiting only a portion of the places named can map out their precise route, and know pretty closely how much the trip will cost them. The various places most noteworthy to visit are pointed out and pleasantly discussed. The work is written by J. H. Sidons, who, we understand, has "done" all the places which he describes. Norton's Hand Book of Travel to Europe will be found a valuable companion to all who visit the Old World to see the lions.

REED & CARLETON have published the *Letters of Alexander von Humboldt to Von Humboldt*, from 1827 to 1858. Translated from the second German edition, by Frederick Kapp. This work has made a very marked sensation all

over Europe, and has awakened considerable attention here, which will assuredly grow into a sensation as soon as the character of the book is known. These letters of Humboldt's were written to his most chosen and intimate friend, Von Humboldt, and contain his most secret thoughts and opinions upon all the subjects discussed therein. Not a few of his correspondents are handled without much ceremony. Prince and commoner are treated alike, and we have here a familiar view of a great mind unbending in friendly intercourse, saying out openly all that it has to say.

Rudd and Carleton have given to the public a very valuable addition to the current literature in the letters of Alexander von Humboldt.

## MUSIC.

**Opera at Winter Garden.**—Max Maretzek continues his season at Winter Garden with uninterrupted and increasing success. The grand operas of "Nabucco" and "La Juive" attracted fine audiences on Monday and Wednesday evenings, the singing of Fabbri exciting the warmest enthusiasm. On Friday evening Flotow's charming opera of "Martha" was produced to a crowded house, and met with a brilliant success. Fabbri was as earnest and admirable as ever.

Some startling novelties are in preparation. Max Maretzek is determined to make his season at Winter Garden memorable in the annals of music. He is preparing evidently for a visit from the Japanese, who will assuredly attend one of the admirable operatic performances at Winter Garden.

## DRAMA.

**Wallack's Theatre.**—"The Overland Route" attracts crowded audiences to Wallack's, and, in spite of its great length, keeps them in the best of humor from beginning to end. It is now played as smoothly and nicely as possible, and is one of the best successes of the season. We cannot forbear again calling attention to the splendid effect with which the second act terminates; certainly a shipwreck was never before so vividly counterfeited; the same machinery with a somewhat larger stage would render this scene absolutely perfect.

**Mr. Jefferson's Season.** at Miss Keene's pretty theatre, advances prosperously. The novelty of the past week was a piece of circumstance, called "The Bonito Boy," in which Mr. Jefferson, as the Yankee agent of the "Boy" (mistaken by the British public, from a similarity of initials, for the voracious "Boy" himself), was atrociously and uproariously funny; in fact giving vitality to a farce otherwise utterly devoid of merit. When we are to have a new burlesque? "The Invisible Prince" was very good in its day and generation, but a year does the work for a burlesque that a century does for a tragedy. By all means let us have something new and local.

**The Circus Company** is about to take its departure from Niblo's, and we are told Mr. Nixon will then open the house for regular theatrical performances during the summer. As this is the coolest and best ventilated theatre in the city or country, we heartily applaud his intention and predict for him a success.

It is rumored that the misunderstanding between Mr. Stuart and Mr. Bourcault has been amicably adjusted, and that the latter gentleman will resume his position as stage director at the Winter Garden. When the establishment will re-open, however, we have not yet been informed.

**The Wizard Jacobus** and Gohin Sprightly are delighting their thousands every evening at their Hall of Necromancy, Wood's Old Building, 444 Broadway. He is a first-rate ventriloquist. Will he not "try his hand" at Clairvoyance and let us know who is to be the Baltimore nominee? If anybody knows, Jacobus knows!

**Barnum's Museum.**—We have only to chronicle the usual round of triumphs at the American Museum. What with the dramatic entertainments and the curiosities, there is no place like Barnum's for amusing the million.

## FOREIGN NEWS AND GOSSIP.

The Heenan and Fayers fighting mania had received a little check in consequence of a pugilistic encounter between two young men named Tyler and Weller, ending in the death of the latter. The battle lasted ten minutes, and consisted of seven rounds. The man who was killed, it appears, had forced the other to fight. Nevertheless, the survivor will be tried for the homicide.

At the Marlborough Police Station one of the most infamous, heartless cases ever heard of was brought up for adjudication. A Captain Robert Hare accused a Miss Barcroft of getting goods in his name. It came out that he had seduced her, and taken her from her father to live with him as his mistress. The magistrate severely censured the scoundrel, and dismissed the complaint. The newspapers have so severely handled the unmanly villain that he has written a letter to the *Times*, trying to explain some of the worst features away, and begging for mercy.

The French papers are making and having with the great international fight. They are now having it all over again at Le Mans. What the French want in truth they make up in imagination. The following is from a veritable French paper, and talks of the "white daughters of Albion, with the fair hair, rushing to witness it." This gentleman says: "Deprived of the right eye, which swelled like a balloon under the formidable blows of Tom Sayers, the American raised his powerful hands—which nothing could resist—against his adversary. Do you hear the cracking of the jawbone? Do you see those teeth vomited by the hero with his blood? That is the jawbone and those are the teeth of the brave and unlucky Tom Sayers. Your hearts palpitate and tremble, oh! young virgins of Albion; you fear for the glory of your beautiful country. Be reassured! Tom lives yet. In the blow of the invincible Jonathan fall like hail on the indomitable face of John Bull. Tom Sayers remains unhurt like an old oak after a storm. By a second blow Sayers knocked out his adversary's left eye. Ah! what a magnificent blow! shout clergymen, and you, young ladies, with eyes so soft."

The expedition of Garibaldi to assist the Sicilians has created the greatest excitement in England. The London *Times* countenances it, declaring that the circumstances justify the apparent improbability of Sardinia winking at a foreign force of volunteers going to aid the insurgents of a friendly state. But Bomba junior and Victor Emanuel are not friendly—they are anomalies in Italy—one must be put down, and hence the expedition of Garibaldi threatens to renew the contest closed by the battle of Solferino.

PULLINGER has been placed at the bar for his enormous defalcations. He pleaded guilty. His sentence, no doubt, will be transportation for life. The trial of a little girl aged eleven for a conspiracy against a clergyman, named H. H. H., is causing considerable excitement in England. It appears that she accused him of taking liberties with her, while he endeavored to save himself by a counter-prosecution. It is much more probable that a clergyman should be depraved than a child invent such a lie. The parson, of course, brings a number of silly or vicious women to swear to his purity, but Hardey did the same! Some women have no more reverence for the truth than the parson!

A letter from Florence states that Count Villars, a Sicilian nobleman, applied to the commander of a British frigate for refuge, which was denied. He went on board a Russian man of war, the captain of which received him, and when he was demanded by the authorities the Russian told the despotic minions that he was on Russian territory, pointing to the flag.

Two American gentlemen have opened in Hakodadi, Japan, a hotel "on American principles." They will have one principle at least in common with their Japanese and Chinese neighbors—we refer to the free use of the gougas of the East and the West to beat a going before meals. The Oriental employs it to drive away invisible devils; the Yankee, on the contrary, to summon his angels—in crinoline—to their soup and roast beef.

The storied fishermen are famous for their daring. Lately three boats containing fourteen fishermen went out fishing, when a storm arose, and the unhappy men were all lost. One of the boats has been washed ashore.

A MONUMENT is to be erected in Sunderland in honor of Havelock, the Baptist warrior.

A man named Thomas Hopley has lately been arrested, charged with murdering one of his scholars. It appears he beat him to death. He is to be tried, and it is to be hoped he will be hanged. It would appear that the four Liverpool merchants are not the only gentlemen in that town infected with a mania for addressing royalty direct. There is a story now circulated, that shortly before the Volunteer leave a certain V. R. man in Liverpool wrote direct to Prince Albert, suggesting that the levee should be postponed, as the arrangements of his particular corps were not quite completed. The letter created much amusement, both at Court and the War Office. Colonel Phipps, however, was instructed to write a bland official reply to the effect that, as the arrangements for the levee had all been made, the wishes of the captain could not be acceded to.

## A SPANISH ROMANCE IN ENGLAND.

The hanging of a criminal is a small affair in the eyes of the world, but to the thoughtful it carries with it a tragedy. When the old Scotchman related the mob for yelling at some miserable man who was about to expiate his crime by a violent and ignominious end by saying, "Hush, man; that man is some poor woman's bairn!" she went the depth of the human heart.

An execution has lately taken place in Devon, in England, which presents many of these tragic and regretful aspects. A Spaniard, Serafin Mansoni, aged twenty-nine, murdered on November 8, 1889, in a fit of jealous rage, a woman named Anastasia Troubridge; he was tried and condemned to be hanged on the 10th inst., at Devon. The night before his execution he confessed the justice of his sentence, and gave a few particulars of his life. He was one of the Mansoni family, and related to the author of "I Promised Speed." He aided that father was the proprietor of two silver mines, and that he had two sisters, who were now in a convent called San Francisco. He kissed the crucifix fervently, and died with great firmness. It being the first execution that had taken place in that town for eleven years, there was a great crowd, which conducted itself with the utmost propriety.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Mrs. Richardson has turned up at last, after the preserved head and disinterred body had been sworn to by her husband, her admirer and several friends. The lady arrives from Havana, and presents herself to her disconsolate friends, and loudly proclaims her being alive and well. She also vindicates her fame, and denounces her maligners. In the meantime, some woman has been murdered, but who it is cannot be at present ascertained. On the 12th ult., a planter, named Nesbit, residing in De Soto county, Miss., went to his son's store, and, after short altercation, struck him so violently on the head that he died in a short time. The father has been arrested and committed for trial. Much indignation has been caused the unwarrantable attempt of a few clergymen to convert the Japanese strangers to their way of thinking in religion. These gentlemen should show more delicacy. A banquet was given on board the B. and O. some days ago to the Sixt-ninth Regiment, Captain De Campos, the commander of this fine vessel, of course presided. The entertainment was a very pleasant one, and gave great satisfaction to all present. A woman, named Caroline Mitchell, was killed on the 19th ult., corner of Fourteenth street and Fifth avenue, by a man who was driving in a very reckless manner. When called upon to stop, he gave a wrong name and address. The police ought to find out who the man is. The Heenan Association have had several meetings, Capt. J. M. Turner in the chair. The subscription is progressing rapidly; it already amounts to \$8,000. Great scandal has been caused in Ashburnham, Mass., by the elopement of the wife of the Rev. Mr. Rose with a man named Brochaw. She had been married eight years, but so strong was her infatuation, that she abandoned a good social position to follow her betrayer. When overtaken in Montreal, she declared her determination not to return to her husband. A Mr. Kennedy, a planter, of Memphis, ran off with the governess his wife had engaged for their children. The infuriated and deserted lady pursued her traitor lord and guilty flame, and overtook them in Cleveland. The captured Kennedy declared that both himself and the partner of his flight were as pure as snow. Mrs. Kennedy shook her head as though she did not believe him, but magnanimously offered to forgive him if he would give up the governess. The runaway reluctantly consented.

Considerable excitement was occasioned at the singing institute on the 21st ult. It appears that a General Byrnes, of Tennessee, was in love with one of the fair pupils of that well-known school-mistress, who returned the affection. As the guardians of the lady in question opposed the match, the gallant general drove to the institute, and while engaged with Mr. Abbott, the principal, the young lady came into the room. Despite the opposition of Mrs. Abbott, he succeeded in carrying off his Juliet, whom he took to the St. Nicholas Hotel and married. Legal steps are threatened by Mr. Abbott. By the Pony Express from California, we learn that on the night of the 7th May the Indians massacred a number of white persons. The inhabitants of Carson Valley, where the outrage took place, are in hot pursuit of the perpetrators. Some of the Boston police have been arrested, charged with complicity in the numerous burglaries recently committed in that city. The same thing occurred in Philadelphia a short time ago. The authorities are determined to visit these men with the severest punishment. The common report is that Postmaster Fowler sailed in the Moses Taylor on the 18th ult., for Havana, his friends having made up a purse for him. The United States steamer Wyanotona, Captain Stanley, captured, off the Isle of Pines, the slaver William, of Baltimore. She had nearly six hundred negroes on board. When discovered, the captain was making to land the slaves on the Cuban coast. Captain Stanley took her into Key West. The Boston papers relate that a party of Bobo Christians in Canada West, differing with some neighbor on some particular doctrine, broke into his house, tarred and feathered him, and outraged his wife! What kind of Christians are these? Mr. James Waugh, a young man, aged about twenty-six, left New Haven on the 30th April to transact business in New York. Since that time he has not been heard of. On the 21st May Frank McCabe and James Irving, who were to have been tried on that day for an assault on two officers, were not forthcoming. Their bail was forfeited, and a bench warrant was issued for their arrest. A large party of Indians and gentlemen from Mexico arrived in Washington on the 17th ult. They were traveling for pleasure. In Dubuque, Iowa, last week, Postmaster Henth, on that day, had a street fight with a General Jones. Henth recovered some flesh wounds, and Jones got a decided black eye. Leeds, the well-known auctioneer, sold the late Mr. Burton's gallery of pictures last week. A few fetched good prices, but, generally speaking, it was a very poor collection. The most interesting picture there was that of Queen Victoria on horseback; the horse was painted by Landseer and the rider by Count D'Orsay. This is pictured the household gods of a man whose sole pursuit was wealth, power, and whose object was self. A Chicago paper states that a considerable number of the New York delegates were caught in a most questionable house. It seems there is a certain gentleman in that city who has spies and decoys, who, between them, haul unwary strangers into his net. When he finds he has got hold of very moral fish he hauls them up and frightens them into a reasonable state of pocket. The brutality of seamen seems to increase. Every day we hear of mutinies and murders on board ships. On the 23d a mutiny broke out in the packet-ship William F. Storor while in New York Bay, on her voyage to Liverpool. It appears that this time it was the fault of the crew, who were drunk and had got liquor concealed in the forecastle, which the captain very properly demanded. A man named Mitchell was mortally wounded, and but for the interference of the Harbor Police, who boarded at the critical minute, several lives would have been lost. One hundred dollars has been offered by the friends of that remarkable child, Ella Whitten Burns, for her recovery from the hands of Mrs. Burns. We don't envy that lady, as that Stormy Petrel, Mrs. Ellett, is after her. Pulling of noses seems to be a legal as well as an official failing. On the 23d ult., the old legend of St. Dunstan pulling the nose of his holiness the devil was re-enacted by a Mr. Post elongating the nasal prominence of Theodore Maroon. One of them, we can't make out which, was arrested. We recommend these gentlemen to remember Watts's "Alderman's delight to bark at a bite, but lawyers should never let their angry passions rise." Dr. Elder is proving himself the most efficient School Superintendent Hoboken has ever had. He has very properly raised the salaries of the teachers, which before were splendid specimens of Jersey liberality. The late Judge Charles inflicted an irreparable blow upon the efficacy of these schools by the dismissal of Miss Hanch, the most competent of women for the position of principal. The respectable inhabitants of Hoboken intend to nominate Dr. Elder for Mayor at the next election. Despite the absurdity, thrown upon duelling by the Potter and Pryor encounter, which ought to have been a *priori* argument against such barbarous nonsense, at Savannah, lately, a bloodless duel was fought between Mr. Lamar and Colonel Moore. After firing at each other affectually, the affair was amicably settled.

A body has been washed ashore on the Long Island coast, which at first was considered to be the body of Captain Burr, for, strange to say, that name was found on his pantaloons, and the general description tallied with the person of the missing man. There were also marks of violence on his head that lent additional probability to the theory. Two of the late Captain Burr's family went to see it, but they pronounced it not to be their missing relative; and the fact of a New York paper being found in the pocket of the body, dated nearly three weeks after the finding of the deserted sloop, settles that point. It therefore only proves that another unknown man has been murdered. Our Western cities are terribly scourged by fire and tornado. Nebraska City was partially destroyed on the 12th ult., and property to the extent of \$100,000 burnt. The birthday of Queen Victoria was duly celebrated at the great cities of our Republic by the enthusiastic Britons, who never neglect an opportunity of showing their appreciation of their Queen and an excellent dinner. Mr. Copper, long a ferry-master at the Hoboken Ferry, and one of the most respected of our citizens, was stabbed on Sunday by some rowdies at the Weehawken Ferry. He was taken to his home, where he died in the evening. The villains have been arrested, and we are thankful that they are on the other side of the Hudson, where no legal quibble can keep them from justice. We commend this case to the District Attorney, Dunn Lettall, although we feel assured he will do his duty in this matter. On Wednesday, the 23d ult., as Mr. Shanahan was returning to his house, about three o'clock in the morning, he was felled to the earth in White street and stunned. The robber had just succeeded in robbing his victim of sixteen dollars, when he was suddenly collared by Officers Costello and Hookey, and taken to jail. He gave his name as William Francis. There has been a new post office established at Kenyon's Mills, North Westington, Conn., by the name of Laurel Glen. E. Perry Packer is the postmaster. While excavating, on the 25th, for a cellar on the lot adjoining Ward School No. 29, located at Nos. 91 and 93 Greenwich street, it was discovered that the side wall of the school edifice was badly cracked. The President of the Board of Education was immediately notified, and upon his arrival at the school, he ordered the children, about one thousand in number, to be forthwith dismissed. At a meeting of the Governor and Council of Massachusetts on Monday, the 25th ult., a resolution was passed, conveying an extra session of the Legislature on the 26th, to adopt measures for the prevention of the spread of the cattle disease.

On Friday morning, the 25th ult., about nine o'clock, the wall of a house in Broadway, No. 625, fell with a loud crash, burying beneath it two men. The

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M. B. BRADY AND FRANK LESLIE'S ARTISTS TAKING PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES OF THE JAPANESE PRESENTS, IN THE RECEPTION-ROOM OF THE EMBASSY AT WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON.—SEE PAGE 27.

**GREAT TROTTING MATCH BETWEEN GEORGE M. PATCHEN AND ETHAN ALLEN, FOR \$2,000.**

The second great trot between these famous stallions came off on Wednesday, the 23d May, at the Union Course, in the presence of an immense assemblage of sporting, fashion and promiscuity.

First Heat.—The horses came up to the stand in fine condition, and the track was in the finest order for fast time, on which bets

were made that a heat would be run in 2:24 and 2:24 1-2. Patchen won the track, and both got over the score very evenly, and at the first turn Patchen led slightly, when Ethan broke, and did not get settled down to his work until near the quarter pole, where Patchen led by three lengths; in going along the back stretch Ethan closed up so rapidly that he lapped Patchen at the half, and collared and passed him in going round the upper turn; but in swinging into the home stretch Ethan again broke, Patchen gaining the lead by a

length, keeping it, and winning the heat in 2:27 1-4, amidst great applause.

Second Heat.—Two false starts took place before the horses were sent off, which they did side and side, and kept so to the half mile



JATSEHI ONOJERO, OR "TOMMY," THE PET OF THE LADIES.—SEE PAGE 27.



N. ORR—CO. SC.

BOOLEN-YITSE, THE JAPANESE ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 27.



THE PROCESSION OF THE JAPANESE EMBASSY LEAVING WILLARD'S HOTEL TO VISIT THE PRESIDENT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.





pole, where Patchen drew half a length ahead, but was collared by Ethan and ran round the upper turn in beautiful style, side and side, amid the utmost excitement. This did not last, as Patchen continued to gain, and finally came in the winner of the heat by about two lengths, in 2:26.

Third Heat—The horses started head and head, and entered the first turn at a rattling pace which took Ethan off his feet, although he was brought down again in a moment by Mr. Piffer, who, the initiated said, was too heavy. This took place again, and at the quarter pole Patchen led by a length, which was but slightly varied, although a smart brush on the part of Ethan reduced it somewhat, and Patchen won the heat and race, Ethan hanging close on his off wheel. The heat was run in 2:31.

## EULA CLIVE;

OR,

### THE OLD WHITE PARSONAGE.

BY ARA GRAY.

(Written for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.)

## CHAPTER IV.

EULA breathed an atmosphere of love—nothing to mar the sweet gush of life's melody but the croaking of Mrs. Whitney, who wondered, for her part, what mighty attraction there was in the woods.

"I am sure," she said, as she broke an egg vehemently, thereby spilling the yolk. "The girl has nothing in her but fancies. Put her a straight question, she'll give a crooked answer. That comes of letting her do as she likes. The young squire, indeed! If the parson 'd let me advise a little, I should say stop those goings on—nip the concern in the bud! Let me tell you, Polly, no good ever comes of young men looking beneath them or girls raising their eyes too high." And fiercely she beat the eggs, an operation which not only relieved the intensity of her feelings, but made her cakes all the lighter.

But what meant the sudden flushing of Eula's fair cheek as, passing unobserved through the kitchen, she heard the good dame's strictures? And why did she take her hat and wander down the garden, so glad and fragrant with blossoming flowers, so full of waving, thrilling, misty, shadowy teachings, scarce noticing them in her sadness? Down by the river, where the willows wept, and mournfully caressed the dreamy, slumbering stream, as if begging it to awake and bear away on the freshened tide their oppressive sorrow, yet ever drooping, ever sad. Down by the forget-me-nots. She plucked one fresh, lovely cluster, and kissing it while the bright tears baptized the blue flowers, she talked with the little mute comforters. What means her disquietude? Truly I know not, if the housekeeper's words are not the cause.

Shall I tell you why? At early morning she visited the green summer woods while yet the flowers were dew laden, and the sun peered through the leaflets at their modest retirement. And why? Sometimes the birds listened to another voice beside Eula's, and peeping from the boughs, would twitter their approbation and then flutter away.

Ah, the love glance had come to her eye—the wonderful light to her brow—the first sweet, gladness of love in its morning was kissing her blushes and flooding her heart with joy radiance, bringing sun rays on its fragrant wing, and sweet whisperings to her warbling, eager ear. Would the noontide come with its fuller splendor, deeper significance? or would some deadly blight destroy it in the fair morn? It was

"That sudden, strange, mysterious visitant,  
Lifting, with viewless hand, the veil away;  
Revealing, and yet hiding, sweet and fair,  
Yet beck'ning with sorrow cloudings, that a drop  
Of rain reflects in bright hues to the sun,  
That wonderful imagining of Him  
Who loves to grant unto his children Love."

And under this new influence Eula had developed wonderfully. From the gay, laughing sprite she had changed to the earnest-browed, thoughtful woman. There was a new impulse stirring the hitherto slumbering elements of a mind far nobler than she imagined was hers. There was a new and strange joy vibrating in the sweet tones of her voice, a deeper lustre in her eyes. Her step was light as ever, but less springing, except when she hastened to the trysting place, that Paul might not be there before her.

But now she wept with the willows in the garden by the river—wept over the forget-me-nots that lay on her lap, speaking such reminders in their mute language that they but made her tears flow the faster.

I will tell you why. Situated as she was, hearing nothing of the village gossip, it was no wonder that she did not know much of the visitors at the hall, whom, from time to time she met in the road walking or riding, or viewed in the family pew from her place in the choir. So when Paul introduced himself as Mr. Weston, she was glad that her new acquaintance was not the young squire, as at first she had thought. One day, Eula, who took great delight in the study of botany, was searching for specimens. Leaning over the bank of the river, which flowed through Hutton woods, for a beautiful wild flower that smiled provokingly far beyond her reach, she lost her hold of the slender withies, and slipped into the water headforemost. Had it not been for Paul, our Eula would undoubtedly have been drowned, from the way in which she fell, even if the stream had not been so deep at the spot.

He had been watching her admiringly for some time from a large tree, where he was comfortably ensconced, taking a sketch of the Hall from the best possible point, as he thought. Silently, with idle pencil, he listened to her low warbling, as she flitted here and there, now and then returning to the trunk of that very tree to deposit her specimens. Then, anxiously he watched her perilous situation. How great was his alarm when he saw her disappear beneath the water that had borne merrily on its sparkling way her glad song but a few moments before! Quick as thought he dismounted, and hastily stripping off his coat, was in the river before the echo of her startled shriek had died away. With straining sight he beheld her insensible form as it rose to the surface, and clasping it with one arm waded to the bank. The cold, white face lay rigid as death as she lay on the grass while he chafed her hands and the small feet, from which he had removed their coverings. It was no time for ceremony, and as he had rescued her immediately, he doubted not that he could revive her.

It was Paul's smile that greeted her first astonished look, Paul's arm that raised and supported her to the old tree's mossy trunk. And then, when she was better, he left her, after wrapping the dry coat around her, to get water from the spring to drink, for he felt faint and ill. Then, wet as they were, they walked to the parsonage, where he left her at the gate, refusing her earnest invitation.

"Do come in, sir, and change your clothes. You will take cold, indeed you will, and all for me!" as her eyes filled with tears.

There were some in the minister's eyes, as he folded his darling to his bosom.

"Thank God! Oh, thank God, my darling, my precious child! You are restored to me as bright and sweet as ever! Why, Eula, love, you are blushing! May I not speak so, your father?"

"Yes, papa; but you say nothing of my preserver."

"And then eloquently she told him how she fallen into the river. "And," said she, "I thought there was no one to help—that I must die, father—and I thought of you, and—oh then I knew nothing more until I found myself lying on the bank, so cold and wet, and there was a gentleman chafing my hands and feet. Oh, such a nice, kind, gentleman, father! He brought me home, but would not come in, although he was so wet rescuing me, you know. I don't know who he is, but I want to see him again so much that I may thank him."

"Who do you think would stay and see a young lady drowned without trying to save her?" asked Mr. Clive.

"Oh, no one, I suppose—unless a very great coward. But, dear father, you would be very grateful, would you not, supposing any one saved you from great peril?"

"Yes, darling," he said. Then, noticing the pale and wearied look that was stealing over her face, he cried, "Mrs. Whitney! Ah, here you are! Just make Eula go to bed—putting on dry garments isn't enough after such an adventure—and give her something nice and hot and comforting."

So, leaving the two together, he sought his study, to pour out the fulness of his heart in grateful praise.

After that Paul and Eula were strangers no longer. Many a pleasant walk they took together after her extreme shyness had melted away towards him, at least before the genial influence of his

smile. To him she could speak of thoughts hitherto unshared by any, even Paul Clive, and he delighted to draw out those brilliant powers he knew she possessed. As Paul Weston she knew him, and trustingly confided her young heart to his keeping.

And Paul? Often, when speaking to Eula of the future as humble, though blessed with rich stores of love and trust, when meeting the clear, truthful gaze of her deep, beautiful eyes, he regretted that it was not as Paul Wilden, but the poor medical student that she knew and loved him.

"She will blame my deceit—she will not trust me, perhaps. And yet," he reasoned, "I am sure she never would have learned to love me—she is so proud—if I had not."

How little she guessed his thoughts, as, laying her hand upon his arm, she said, as they sat together one fair evening,

"Paul, I am glad you are not rich, because you know I love you. Yes, I am glad!"

As the corn ripened and goldened in the rich, waving fields, so glowed and brightened their love. But since another shared Eula's heart, there had been reserve creeping and tightening around it—reserve with her kind guardian, to whom she had always before carried each joy, every grief. Now she shrunk frequently from the tender gaze of his eye. And he, too, noticed the change, wondering why she did not lay her head on his shoulder and talk on her favorite subjects, asking him questions as she pleased. It used to be so. What had changed her?

Eula wanted to tell the good minister, but she could not. Every day added to her reserve. She believed that it was her duty to confide in him. She would ask Paul, and he would tell her the way.

Just as she had arrived at this determination, she happened to overhear Mrs. Whitney's remarks to Polly, the servant-girl, and would not what she could mean by speaking of the young squire. Doubtless crossed her mind as she sat weeping by the river. She remembered Paul's visit to the parsonage, he had not been there since—had he never asked to see her father. Could he have deceived her? No, the gentleman who sat next her lover at church must be the young squire. She knew that Mrs. Whitney had seen her with Paul when they had returned from a walk one evening, and was talking before the gate, and she must have mistaken him in the twilight for Mr. Wilden. But yet she was not satisfied. Would her guardian love her as before when he knew that she had kept a secret from him? She was afraid he would not and vague doubts oppressed her. Anxious and unhappy, she returned to the house.

Parson Clive was out on a ministerial visit, so Eula found the study unoccupied. Seating herself on a lounge, she gave herself up to the melancholy influence of twilight. Never before had she kept a shadow of reserve between herself and the good man whose portrait hung upon the wall. Her head throbbed painfully, and she felt so unhappy that not even the knowledge of Paul's love could comfort her. Just at this moment Mrs. Whitney opened the door.

"Miss Eula," said she, "I want you to make the parson's chocolate. I'm so busy at the preserves and jellies, and Polly 'd only spoil it."

Eula went immediately, prepared the chocolate, and left it on the hob to keep hot. Then she said,

"Mrs. Whitney, I am going to bed. I do not feel well."

"Bless the child! What's the matter?" cried that worthy, looking round.

But bidding her "Good-night!" Eula hastened on.

Afterwards, the housekeeper heard her weeping as she passed the door of her room.

When Mr. Clive returned, he asked for his pet.

"She's crying in her room, sir. I don't see what's coming to her. She mopes about the house, and when she goes out she mopes by the river, or else she wanders about in the woods, and comes back looking as scared as a frightened kitten. I think love's got something to do with it, sir. If I may make so bold as to advise you, sir—I've seen a good deal of girls in love—I should speak to her about it. Love," she continued, "isn't always good for a girl. Now, when a female gets to years of discretion, she may safely indulge in the tender passion."

Here a sidelong, melting glance at the unconscious minister failed of the effect. Parson Clive was abstractedly fidgeting with his cane during Mrs. Whitney's discourse. When she had finished he said, quietly:

"Eula is too young to think of such nonsense. You are mistaken, Mrs. Whitney. I'll go and see what is the matter."

But there was a troubled look in his eyes as he ascended the stairs.

Ah, he had not always called it nonsense. Where were the dreams of his youth?

"Eula."

He thought he heard a little sob.

"Yes, father."

"May I come in, dear?"

She went to the door quickly, with a startled look.

He took her hand and led her to the open window; then sitting down on a low chair, he drew her to his knee, and encircled her with his loving arms.

"Darling, what troubles you? Tell me all, sweet one."

Another sob—while the soft arms were twined round his neck, and the sweet, troubled face was buried in the dark curls on his bosom.

"You can trust me, Eula," and his voice was grave. "There have been no secrets between us—shall there be now?"

"No, no," said she, still weeping.

"Is it because Carlo g. t caught in a trap?"

"No," smiling through her tears.

"Have you lost a bird—a kitten? Come, darling, tell me what it is."

"Oh, I do trust you, dear father; but do not ask me now."

He looked troubled.

"Not now. I will tell you father, when, when—" and she trembled as he unclasped his arms and sorrowfully left the room.

Paul was away for a few days, and Eula was very lonely. Mrs. Whitney eyed her suspiciously, and Parson Clive was grave, almost stern. How she longed for Paul's return, that she might tell him all, and hear all from him again.

He came after a few days—weeks they seemed to her.

She greeted him sweetly, joyfully; but there was something strange in her manner. He looked perplexed.

"What is the matter, Eula?" he asked with concern.

"Oh, I am so glad you are come. Now, nothing can be wrong," she said almost joyously.

"Why, what has disturbed you so, dear one?"

He listened, while strange and varied emotions agitated his mind, to her fears, her guardian's anxiety, and the sorrow which she expressed for having withheld her confidence as she had.

"I felt as if I could not tell him," she said. "I don't know what made it so hard."

Then hurriedly, regretfully, sorrowfully he told her how she had been deceived. That Paul Wilden sat beside her, not the poor medical student, and begged her to forgive him; assuring her that his desire to win her love for himself, had been his only object.

Surprise, indignation and grief were blended in her tones—expressed on her face, as she said with deep sadness,

"Oh, Paul, how could you? Then it was true; oh, it was! and I am most unhappy."

"Eula," said he, his deep voice tremulous with emotion, "will you cast aside the love I offer you, the love of a true heart?"

"I heard them talking," she said, scarce noticing him, she seemed almost stunned, "of you who were looking beneath you—of the proud mother who would never consent to her son's marriage with Eula Clive, who would despise me—me!" She covered her face with the slender fingers through which the tears would fall. He saw them.

"Eula," he said, eagerly, "you love me—I know it. Why may we not be happy?"

All the firmness of her woman's nature now came to her assistance.

"Mr. Wilden," said she, raising her head and fixing those wondrous eyes upon him, "when you first sought my love I was happy, because I thought you were poor as I am. I loved you as Paul Weston. What did you deceive me? Oh, never can I be yours. It is cruel."

She wept for a while uncontrollably.

Ah, Eula had not learned the way to dissemble. She could not hide the deep sorrow that oppressed her inmost heart.

Paul with gentle force raised her.

"Eula, you shall hear me. From some words of yours in almost our first interview I found how much pride there was in your gentle nature, felt that you would never subject yourself to the pain—the mortification of being an unwelcome daughter—for my mother is proud."

"And you," said she, with indignation thrilling every word, "you by an artifice would have betrayed me into the very situation you knew I abhorred!"

"Nay, Eula, you wrong me," he said, sadly: "then my dream had scarcely begun. I wanted you to love me, Eula, as you so often have said so sweetly. You will not be an unwelcome bride. My mother will love you, Eula," and he glanced with fond pride at her queenly beauty, as she stood before him erect with the dignity of insulted womanhood. "To know is to love you," he added.

"I know not myself who I am," she said mournfully, all her pride melting away in sad tears. Paul, I know you love me—forgive my bitter words; you are sorry you deceived me; and I love you, but I cannot be your wife."

There was something sublime in the resignation of this young creature. Paul gazed at her with admiration. His love was increased by her refusal.

"Eula," said he, "I will see my mother, she will not make us both miserable."

"Oh, Paul, which is the strongest? What is that vast estate to the love of a heart like Eula's?"

Love conquered.

"I care not; you must be mine, Eula. She may cut me off with a shilling; it is nothing without your love. Say, dearest, can we not be happy without wealth?"

They were again seated side by side, and as he spoke his arm stole around her yielding form, and the beautiful head was drawn to its old resting-place.

"My wounded dove," he murmured; "speak Eula—say we shall be happy."

"I cannot now, Paul," she said, faintly, as wearily her eyes closed.

Eula slept. Paul in silent happiness gazed at the sweet features so beautiful in their calm repose. "Nothing shall tear thee from me, sweet one," he thought. Ah, he knew not.

When she awoke, her eyes sought Paul's inquiringly. "Where am I?" she asked.

"Here, with me, dearest," he replied, smiling.

"Oh, is it you, Paul? I thought I was at the Hall, and your mother was so angry with me."

"Angry with you, dear child! she could not be—it is impossible."

"Paul," said she, "what shall I do?"

"Love me, Eula," he replied.

"I must tell father to-night," she said, "tell him all. Oh, Paul, I wish he were my father."

She sighed as they parted.

"Do not be sad, Eula. Tell him all, and let me know what he says to-morrow evening."

There was a lover's farewell, and they separated.

That night Eula told the old man all. Very gently he talked to her, assuring her of his forgiveness. And then he told her that he knew much before.

"I said nothing to you," said he, "because I wished to watch you. I felt sure it would not be long before my child returned to me for sympathy. But now my darling, tell me, do you love him much?"

"Much! oh, father," as her face and neck became rosy with blushes.

"Yet you must give him up."

She said nothing—she had felt that before.

"Be wise my daughter, and wait. If he truly loves you he will seek you again—of me."

"Oh, he will, he will. But it is no use," she added sadly, "Mrs. Wilden is so proud."

"She might well be proud of you, darling," he said, fondly.

"But I must see him once more, father," she said, struggling to be calm. "I must tell him."

"Once more, Eula."

"Oh, tell me," she cried, "as he was leaving the room, 'tell me who I am, do, father.'"

"Not now; I cannot yet," he said, "you shall know, Eula."

The white outstretched hands fell hopelessly down. "Oh, I wish I knew! I wish I knew!"

That was a sorrowful night to the minister as well as Eula. A little cabinet was unlocked before he went to rest. Tears shed over a picture and tress of hair. Ere they were restored to their place his face had become a shade sadder—the look of resignation deepened. And in their quiet rooms neither slept.

The next evening Eula sought the trysting-place, but he for whom she waited came not.

## CHAPTER V.

WHILE Eula waited and watched, listening for the approaching footsteps of her lover, Mrs. Wilden sat upright and stiff in her chair. The embroidery frame was before her, but the delicate and beautiful flowers grew not beneath the skillful fingers that were nervously playing with the rich trimmings of her dress.

She looked angry, if one might judge by the compressed lips and the determined flash of her small gray eye.

Paul stood by one of the deep windows, his eyes fixed upon a grotesquely carved face in the panel before him, but his thoughts were away with Eula, waiting even then for him, disappointed at her unexpected loneliness.

"Paul," and the voice sounded just a little harshly, "I wish to speak with you."

Crossing the room, he stood by his mother's chair, in an attitude of respectful attention.

"Paul, I have noticed—in fact for some time you have been abstracted—unlike yourself. What dissatisfies you?"

"Why, indeed, mother," said he, "I am satisfied. We are rather dull, here, to be sure, but there is nothing else at fault."

"You may receive as much company as you please, Paul. I am perfectly willing to do anything in my power for your happiness. What do you think of asking the Denbighs here? Lady Mary is convalescent, and has written me to accompany her to Rookcliff for a month, and I thought of inviting them all here instead. Clara's lover, too. Does it meet your approbation?" And the uneasy eyes were fixed inquiringly upon him. "Of course you will have to devote yourself to their entertainment as becomes a gentleman and their host."

The proud mother knew well what was passing in the mind of her son; not a look was lost nor a shade unnoticed, but when at last, after a struggle, he replied,

"Invite them, by all means, mother, as soon as you please," her fears were allayed.

"He will soon forget her," she thought. "The beautiful Constance Denbigh will put aside all thoughts of the simple country girl."

It was Mrs. Wilden's policy to affect ignorance of her son's attachment to Eula, though none knew it better than she, and so bitter were her feelings toward the poor girl, that had it been in the power of a glance to destroy, her fate was certain.

Eula was returning, disappointed and sad. As she turned into the road, she saw Paul hastening towards their accustomed wood-path.

"You thought I was not coming—imagined me forgetful, perhaps," said he, as they entered the leafy shade through which the last beams of sunset were streaming. "I have never kept you before, Eula."

Very sad was that short interview; for it was their last, Eula said, sorrowfully, yet firmly. "And why the last, dear one?" asked Paul.

"It must be so," she answered, painfully. "I have awakened from my dream, Paul. It was very sweet—but so short! Our love is broken—may exist still—but apart from each other. It is best—yes, it is best that we should part. Paul, remember I do not take my heart. It is yours—will belong to you always; but I—I must go."

"Did—has Mr. Clive forbidden you to see me again, Eula?"

"He has told me, that after this, we ought not, must not meet, Paul," she replied, striving for calmness.

"Then is life of no value. Oh, Eula, if you love me, care for my happiness, do not say so. Promise me that you will be mine. For you I would give up all."

"No, Paul, you must not. Proud and stern as your mother may be, she loves you. You shall not give up everything for me. Wait, if you will, till I know all—all of myself. It may be—perhaps it is foolish to think so—it may prove that I am not so far beneath you as she supposes. If it should not, God bless us both."

Paul, with anguish marked on his white face and quivering lips, stood by the tree which had waved over their happiness—now sighing for their misery.

Eula, pale as death, could scarcely support herself.



"Paul, it must be—farewell!"

One long kiss, in which there was as much agony as love, and they parted.

The next Sabbath Eula saw strangers seated in the Wilden pew—three ladies and a gentleman. The former we shall have no difficulty in recognizing as the Denbighs, whom we left on the eve of their journey to Hattenville. The latter, whom we have not seen, is Captain du Ponte, the lover of Clara.

Paul, however, alone engrossed her attention. He looked pale and unhappy. There was an expression of anxiety about his face totally at variance with the frank, gay look of former days.

Eula schooled herself to return his gaze calmly, that he might not be troubled by the sight of her sorrow.

These were two hearts unspoiled by the world; we must turn to others.

"What a glorious voice, by Jove! Paul; those vexatious curtains! the originator of such strains must be beautiful!"

Paul blessed the custom which caused the red curtains of the choir to be drawn during singing, that hid the gentle Eula from the speaker's bold gaze, as the thrilling notes of an anthem floated through the old church.

The solo was sung by a female voice of wonderful sweetness and power, aided by the grand organ note, produced by such a masterly touch as had seldom awakened the slumbering power of the instrument.

"He leadeth me—leadeth beside the still waters, for His name's sake."

Every ear was strained to catch each note so magically melting, full of such surpassing sweetness. Then they joined in full chorus,

"Now unto Him, our good Shepherd, be honor and glory for ever.—Amen."

Then came the pastor's sermon.

The visitors were enraptured with the music. "Who would have thought," said Lady Mary, "that Hattenville could have boasted this fine old church and such music! It was worth coming to hear."

At dinner, the young ladies declared themselves much pleased with their entertainment. Not a word about the sermon—but the singing was so fine. "Pray, where did the choir come from?" asked Clara Denbigh.

Mrs. Wilden glanced at Paul, who was carefully examining his plate.

"My son takes great pride in the choir," said she. "He reorganized it on his return. The organist is a poor college friend of his, I believe."

"But who sang that splendid soprano?" inquired Captain du Ponte. "Is she a professional?"

"Oh, no, some country girl, I suppose. Her voice is fine," she replied, anxious to stop the conversation, lest the expressive face of her son should betray his interest in the fair Eula.

Du Ponte was an unprincipled, heartless votary of pleasure. Fascinating and courteous in manner, his blandishments were only intended to deceive. He had been a schoolfellow of Paul's in his boyhood. Even then the sterility of his character was apparent. They had never been friends, so totally different were they in tastes and pursuits; but as the suitor and visitor of Clara Denbigh, he was, of course, included in the invitation to Hattenville.

For some days Paul's whole attention was engrossed by his visitors; yet so often was he moody and silent, that they observed it; once, more particularly.

"What's the matter, Paul?" asked Lady Mary, who, being an old friend of Mrs. Wilden, deemed herself a privileged person.

"Oh, he's smitten by some village damsel," put in the captain, maliciously. "He'll come to himself by-and-by, when he discovers the fair one exchanging vows with one of the ploughboys on his estate."

This was not calculated to improve Paul's temper. "I presume the captain has good reason to understand that kind of thing," said he, coolly rising; and, approaching Constance, begged her to "delight them with some music."

"With pleasure," she replied; unaffectedly permitting him to conduct her to the music-room, even though the fascinating captain, with his sweetest smile, interposed.

"Pray, allow me, Miss Constance."

"Thank you, your friend has the advantage of being before you," said she, with an arch smile, taking Paul's arm.

As she entered the music-room, finding that the others, as yet, had not followed, Constance asked,

"Do tell me, Mr. Wilden, who is that beautiful girl with such a magnificent voice?"

"You deal extensively in adjectives to-day," said Paul, smiling. Then in a low tone he added, "Your admirer, also that of the young lady in question, is coming. I will answer you, presently."

Not only Du Ponte, but the whole party, chatting and laughing, made their appearance.

Constance sang a rich, deep contralto, very flexible and powerful. Her voice had a peculiar plaintive tendency in the lower notes, that was most touching. She sang several duets with Clara, whose voice, though only a common-place soprano, harmonized well with her sister's.

"We are deeply grateful," said the captain, "for the pleasure your singing has conferred. By (he was going to say by Jove), I wish the fair unknown would light upon us like an angel of mercy; the united effect of the two voices would be superb."

Clara, deeply mortified at the implied neglect, moved stiffly away, darting, unobserved, a look of scorn at her lover.

"I think I'll sit with the choir next Sunday," said Constance, laughing; "then you'll be satisfied. Indeed, perhaps, you will arrange the preliminaries."

"If Miss Constance is in earnest," said Paul, quickly, "I shall be most happy to take her myself. I frequently assume the lead of the choir."

His offer was delightfully accepted, and the captain, who thought it an excellent opportunity of cultivating Eula's acquaintance, whom he erroneously imagined was only a simple country girl who would be flattered by his attentions, offered to accompany them.

"I think there will be no seat for you, sir knight," said Paul. "It is a pity we cannot enlarge the gallery for your accommodation."

"Oh, don't mention it," said Du Ponte, biting his lips with vexation. Here he mentally vowed revenge upon Paul. "I am almost certain he has an interest in the girl. I'll watch them narrowly. He mistakes me if he thinks I am to be thwarted quietly."

No one could imagine that such thoughts were passing in his mind, so perfectly were his features under his control.

The father of Arthur Du Ponte had found a grave among the many slain during the terrible war of the Sikhs. His mother, in weak health at the time, survived the intelligence but a few weeks, and thus Arthur became the sole protector of two young sisters.

Left early at the command of much wealth, and heir expectant to a baronetcy, his arrogance and self-will knew no bounds. The only son of his uncle was totally disabled, and as many believed, dying of a spinal complaint; therefore, at the death of the former, he would probably become Sir Arthur Du Ponte.

As the time passed, Eula became more and more the subject of the wily captain's admiration. He waylaid her in her walks, when with impudent presumption he would dare to address the indignant girl, who, annoyed and frightened, soon ventured out less often. Once, in her favorite retreat, which also had been theirs—Eula's and Paul's—he surprised and horrified her with an infamous proposal, the nature of which I will not mention. Shrieking, aghast and dimmied from the monster, who now stood revealed before her in all his enormity, and drawing her slight figure to its utmost height, with glittering eye and ashen, trembling lip, she replied with withering scorn—with words that made even him tremble and stand irresolute, while, like a frightened deer, she fled.

With wild and haggard look, and trembling from head to foot, she entered the parsonage, breathless and exhausted.

"Why, Eula, what's the matter? you look scared as an owl!"

"Oh, it's nothing, Mrs. Whitney. I am here—safe, I mean," she replied, incoherently, scarcely knowing what she said.

"Well, I never! If you ain't a queer fish my name isn't Whitney. There's always something strange about that girl!" she soliloquized when Eula had gone up-stairs. "I'd like to know what she's been up to now, that's what I would," and the dame stumped about the kitchen, occasionally relieving her feelings through the medium of Polly, and inwardly wondering why the parson made so much of that girl that he could not notice her. I would not be so mighty winning to him, she thought, if I did not think there was some chance left. And a sigh, bulky and long, proceeded from the reflection that the chances of life are subject to annihilation. Yet did the widow cling to hope.

The poor girl, alarmed as she was, did not tell Mr. Clive, lest, as the feared, Paul would hear of it, when she knew the worst consequences would ensue.

And from the time of their parting they had not met, except when leading the choir for the gratification of Constance, and at whose earnest request he had introduced her to Eula.

On the way home from church Paul confided to Constance his love for Eula, telling her much that the reader already knows.

"Oh," said Constance, "I love her already, very much. Paul," she said suddenly, "have you noticed Clara much lately?"

"I have thought her manner very strange at times," he replied, with an uneasy look. "Why do you ask?"

"I will tell you. Do not mind anything I may say, Paul. We have known each other perfectly for a long time now; you have advised and helped me much. I wish to do the same by you, if you will let me."

Paul silently waited, wondering at her earnestness.

"You know that Clara and I occupy separate rooms, do you not?"

"Yes."

"Well, I heard Clara talking to mamma, with whom she slept, about Eula Clive and yourself. Now, Paul, it seems wrong to tell a sister's secret, but I must," she said earnestly, "in order to put you on your guard. You trust me, don't you?"

"Perfectly. When was this, Constance?"

"Monday night—last Monday—you know. The day before you unguardedly mentioned Eula, while we were talking together by the little window. Clara was there at the time, and immediately inferred that we had some secret understanding, which she determined to find out. Have you ever thought that she cared for you, Paul?"

"Who, Clara?"

"Yes, now do tell me. I have strong motives for knowing, and wishing to know more."

"Upon my honor, Constance, I never felt even a suspicion, until yesterday, when I saw her looking very strangely at me several times. You know the power of a glance. Go on, please."

"Our rooms adjoining each other, it is very easy for us to exchange visits. Annie, my maid, was not well, and had gone to bed on this night, and, in unhooking my dress, I dropped a ring. Of course I stopped to recover it, when my lamp went out. How stupid, I thought, to give me an unfilled lamp; so I safely opened the door of mamma's room, intending to get them. They were so busy talking, that I was not heard. I was just about to speak, when I heard Clara say, 'Mother, I hate her. She shall not succeed in her love design.'"

"But, Clara," said mamma; "I thought you were engaged to Du Ponte. That is the best match."

"I am not! I despise him! and he knows it," she exclaimed vehemently. "I'll have Paul Wilden, or die." Now, Paul, I should never have mentioned Clara's secret, if I did not know so well that her hatred is to be feared. Oh, I fear my own sister," she said, with a shudder. "But I must hasten, we are nearly home. Well, then I said, 'Mamma, will you lend me your lamp, a moment? I have dropped something, and mine has gone out.'"

"A letter, I suppose from Herbert," said Clara. How can she find out everything so, Paul?"

"Herbert! who is he?" asked mamma.

"Oh, your dutiful daughter is in love with the organist whose performances elicit your admiration. You shall not play eavesdropper for nothing," she said, turning to me.

"I replied indignantly, and left the room without the lamp, and with mamma's displeasure. Now, what do you think of all this?"

"The same as you do—that Clara's hatred is to be feared and avoided," he answered, as they reached the park.

"Which way shall we go in?" asked Constance. "I should like to walk up the elm avenue. It is the longest way. You are unhappy, I know," said she, after walking some time in silence. "If I were a gentleman, and loved such a girl as Eula, I would marry her, no matter who stood in the way."

"Eula will never enter any family wherein she is not loved and respected. I am indeed miserable," continued Paul; "life is weariness without her. Constance, I cannot go near our old trysting place, and I suppose it is the same with her."

And Constance sighed, while pitying tears filled her eyes as they reached the house.

"I hope you've been long enough," said Clara, entering her sister's room. "I suppose you went another way, to report progress."

Constance made no reply; there was no confidence between them.

Meantime the captain had matured a fiendish scheme. "I must go to London immediately," he said one morning, after perusing his letter; neither of which, by the way, bore any reference to his return. "When does the train start this evening?"

"I hope you have received no alarming intelligence," said Mrs. Wilden.

"My attorney has written for my speedy return, about some law question," he answered.

The evening came, far too beautiful and fair for any deed of violence.

"Paul, I am going; have you anything to say to a fellow?" said Du Ponte, as but in hand he entered the library, where his host sat engaged in writing.

Paul bade him a formal adieu. "Of course," said he, "the carriage is waiting."

"Oh yes, I think your old coachman won't be sorry to see the last of me. He certainly views me with no favorable eye."

"I should think not," was Paul's mental ejaculation. Then with a look of relief, he accompanied the captain to the hall door.

"I leave no regretful heart behind me," said Du Ponte; "Clara doesn't seem in the most amiable mood; wouldn't say 'good bye.'"

So springing into the carriage, he gave orders to "drive at full speed."

"Well," said Pootner, the coachman, "I wonder what the varmint's up to now. Bust me if I don't think it's summit he don't want me to spy on. That vallet, as they calls un, is a regular devil's imp, the captain bein' his master."

Paul, who was standing by, looked up.

"Why did Mr. Du Ponte's man drive the carriage?" said he, "and who is to bring it back?"

"O, sir, Cooke says he's to stay in Hattenville a day or two, till the cap'n's horse is all right. So he'll bring back the carriage, I s'pose."

The horse had been injured in a madcap chase with Constance, who was a fearless rider, a few days before.

"Where's Constance, do you know?" asked Clara of Paul that evening. "I have searched the house through, and grounds; she did not say she was going out. Besides, mamma does not approve of evening walks for her. Do you know where she is gone?"

"To the beach clump, probably, which is her favorite resort. I saw her cross the park with a book in her hand. Shall I search for her?"

"Do, please, and tell her mamma wants her immediately."

He judged that it was for no kind purpose they required her presence. Clara looked as if the storms of a month were about to burst in a terrific explosion upon some unfortunate. In the hazel copse he found not only Constance but Herbert.

"You little know your perilous position," said Paul, laughing.

"How are you, Moreton?"

"Well, thank you; but what is the matter?"

"Constance was wanted immediately," he told them.

"Paul," said the young lady, blushing deeply, "we are going to—to I am—I mean I shall not return to the hall as Constance Denbigh."

"Why?" asked he, knowing perfectly well all the time.

"You know that old wretch Houghton," said she, "who persecuted me while at London with his vile attentions. He has proposed for me to mamma; she showed me the letter this morning, and has—yes, positively, bursting into tears, 'given him full permission to address me as soon as he pleases. Oh, Paul!' seeing him smile."

"She cannot surely be willing to sacrifice you to that old dotard! Forgive me, Constance; I could not help smiling at first."

"Yes, if you'll help me, Paul. Come with us to Parsen Clive; we are going to be married. Then I will go back; they may say what they please then."

"Herbert, is it possible?"

"Yes, Paul; I did think it was my misfortune to love Constance, not presuming that she also felt the same thing towards me. Now, loving as we do, would you advise me to leave her to such a peril as awaits her?"

"They cannot force her to marry Houghton," was Paul's reply.

"You do not know them," said Constance; "you do not know what they can do."

Paul guessed that they would not stop at anything to suit their purpose.

"But," said he, "you cannot be married without a special license."

Herbert immediately drew it from his pocket, much to Paul's amazement.

"I suppose I am unlike every other girl," said Constance, blushing painfully. "I told him to get that."

"But not until I had won your consent to be my wife," said Herbert, who would rather have taken his bride away to his happy home at Malden, instead of allowing her to return to the hall.

"Let me congratulate you, my dear boy," said Constance in the very one I would have chosen for you," said Paul, who was thinking a moment before how different it was with Eula and himself.

"May your lot be as happy as mine," said Moreton. "I shall never forget what a noble friend you have always been; and a tear, of which he was not ashamed, glistened in his eye."

They were married in the good pastor's study—Paul and Mrs. Whitney the only witnesses. The latter was delighted.

"I like sly weddings," said she afterwards to Polly. "The bride, though, I couldn't see; that was a pity; such a thick veil as she had on! Her husband I have seen before; a friend of the parson's, I believe; and now I think of it, he's the very young man that plays the church organ. And only to think of the young 'Squire being with them! We shall have Eula getting married next. But she don't go with him now; I'm glad she knows herself better. I wonder where she is. I think the parson was glad she wasn't there. But it's too late for her to be out; I'll see if she's come in."

"Eula?" No answer.

"Are you in?" Still not a sound. So Mrs. Whitney descended to the study, where she found the minister alone.

"If you please, sir, Eula isn't come home."

"Not come home! Where can she be?"

There was sorrow in the parsonage that night, deep and heartfelt anguish. We will not intrude upon it.

(To be continued.)

## GREAT TORNADO IN OHIO.

THE greatest visitation of this nature that has occurred in the memory of man took place on Monday the 21st of May, when a fearful tornado passed over Cincinnati, and laid in ruins nearly a million of property, besides sacrificing one hundred lives. Between three and four in the afternoon on Monday, a dark cloud was observed rising in the north-west, which seemed about two miles broad. It rushed forward with terrific rapidity, accompanied by thunder, lightning and torrents of rain. Numerous buildings were blown down, and almost every church in the city had their roofs carried away. Several lives have been lost, and steamers were actually blown out of the water and capsized. Cars were thrown off the railroads, and rows of trees were torn up by the roots. At the Spring Grove Cemetery an immense number of tombs, monuments and trees were torn up and scattered in fragments around. The greatest violence seemed to be confined to an area of seven miles. The steamer *Rutledge* had her cabin blown completely off her deck and dashed with fearful violence into the waters. Considering the force of the visitation, there has less life been lost than could have been anticipated.

## OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches or Items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Tremont, May 13, 1860.  
"MR. PHELAN.—Sir—will you be kind enough to answer the following questions through the columns of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. Please answer, and oblige yours truly,  
C. M. D.

"1. In commencing the game of billiards, has the person who makes the first shot a right to more than one shot at his opponent's ball, provided he does not hit it the first shot?" *Ans. No.*

"2. If he misses his opponent's ball, and his own ball comes back and knocks one of the red balls off the spot, does the red ball have to be spotted again before his opponent plays, or let the balls remain as they are?" *Ans. The red ball should be spotted again.*

"3. If he misses his opponent's ball, but hits one of the red balls on the return, do you call it a miss and give the opponent one point?" *Ans. Yes.*

## THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

A BILLIARD PALACE—for, from its handsome decorations and costly fittings, we can give it no other name—was opened on Tuesday evening, May 16, by Mr. James Lynch, the late opponent of Mr. Dudley Kavanagh, of Filton street. A large number of amateur and professional billiard players were present, among the latter, the champions, Mr. Phelan, Messrs. Kavanagh, Lak and Lynch, of New York, and Cook, of California, most of whom gave practical illustrations of the beauties of the game. The most interesting bout was, perhaps, that between Messrs. Phelan and Kavanagh, at the full game of 500 points up, which the latter won by making several extraordinary counts, the largest being 110, and this, too, when the champion was within 12 points of completing his string.

The carom and French carom games also found their votaries, some splendid and almost impossible shots being made therein, which frequently brought down the house. Refreshments were supplied in abundance, and of the best quality, which, by the bye, were well patronized, and, altogether, the occasion was a pleasant and joyous one to those who were fortunate enough to be present. The palace is situated on Fourteenth street, opposite the Washington Monument, an excellent location, and if the inauguration may be taken as a criterion, Mr. Lynch will reap a golden harvest from the enterprise, for if a well-ventilated room, carpeted with costly Brussels, and furnished with twelve of Phelan's Excelsior Tables, brilliantly lighted, besides other accommodations, be not inducement enough to attract the attention of the lovers of the game, we do not know what is.

In the month of November, 1859, the following card appeared in the English journals, and was copied into our New York newspapers:

"John Roberts, of Liverpool, is open to play any man, on his own table, at the George Hotel, Dale street, Liverpool, for £500 or £1,000, giving him 20 in the 100; or he will play any man in England or America, on equal terms, for the amount. He is also willing to give Bowles (late of the Union Club, Manchester) 25 in the 100, the best of eleven games, for any sum from £50 to £200. Roberts will require one month's notice. Any communication will be attended to addressed to George Hotel, Dale street, Liverpool."

As soon as this challenge was brought to Mr. Phelan's notice, he wrote a letter to the press, in which he made propositions to Mr. Roberts for the conclusion of a match between them. Subsequently to the publication of Mr. Phelan's letter, a Liverpool paper contained the following supplementary challenge on behalf of Mr. Roberts. The following is its tenor: "We are authorized to say that Mr. Roberts will play any man in the world, on his own table, at the George Hotel, Dale street, Liverpool, for £500 or £1,000, giving him 20 in the 100; or he will play any man in the world on whatever table he may select, either in England or America, on equal terms."

The latter portion of this second challenge warranted Mr. Phelan in thinking that a match could easily be made between him and Mr. Roberts as the representatives of English and American billiards. Since he became cognizant of it, Mr. Phelan has left no means untried to make a match with Mr. Roberts, but without effect. Over a year ago, he deputed a highly respectable gentleman to call on Mr. Roberts and convey him his (Mr. P.'s) proposition, but no definite answer could be got from Mr. Roberts. He made the before mentioned gentleman several appointments of time and place, at which he was to give a definite answer, but never appeared at the rendezvous. But very lately Mr. Phelan commissioned Mr. George Wilkes, editor of *William's Sports*, to see Mr. Roberts, and come to some arrangement with him as to the terms of a match. But Mr. Roberts played his old game—he appointed a time to meet Mr. Wilkes, but at the hour agreed upon he was not to be found. Another gentleman, also authorized to make a match, waited upon Mr. Roberts; when pushed for an answer, he asked his interlocutor "if he took him for a fool? Didn't he suppose he would bag that money if he (Roberts) thought he could beat Phelan?"

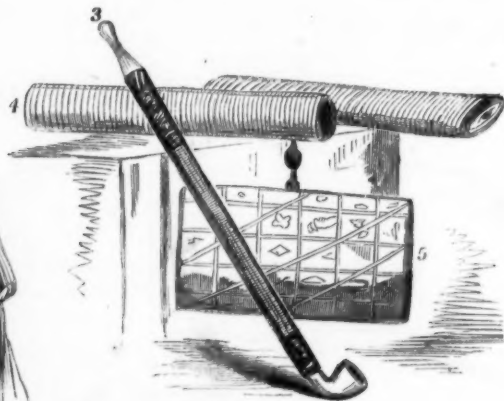
It will be seen by the above sketch that no effort has been left untried to induce Mr. Roberts to pronounce either for or against playing, but he will not come up to the scratch. The manner in which he has acted strongly reminds us of *Shamela's* course in regard to Morphy. Do English celebrities in the line of scientific amusements merely proceed their challenges as bravado, expecting that no one will take them up, and prepared with a subterfuge to get out of them if hard pressed? Mr. Roberts's conduct in this affair is in marked contrast with that of Mr. Berger, of Paris, who has acted with genuine candor and good faith.

Having received Mr. Berger's declaration that his challenge was only addressed to amateurs, and, least of all, to Michael Phelan; having, indefinitely, tried, by every fair means, to conclude the terms of a match with Mr. Roberts, Mr. Phelan has determined to retire from the number of active belligerents in the game. He will play no more matches. Having vindicated his reputation in America, and tried in vain to induce the great players of Europe to play with him, he thinks he may now be permitted to retire from the ranks, and devote his attention to his vast manufacturing business. He will always be happy to meet his old friends as an amateur.





THE JAPANESE LOOKING AT THE GIRLS IRONING IN THE LAUNDRY IN WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON



1. BRASS HELMET WORN BY THE JAPANESE SOLDIERS. 2. PENDENT SHOULDER-FLAPS OF LEATHER. 3. JAPANESE PIPE, TEN INCHES LONG. 4. THE PIPE-CASE. 5. THE TOBACCO POUCH.



CURIOSITY OF THE JAPANESE AT WITNESSING THE GIRL WORKING ONE OF WHEELER AND WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES IN WILLARD'S HOTEL LAUNDRY.

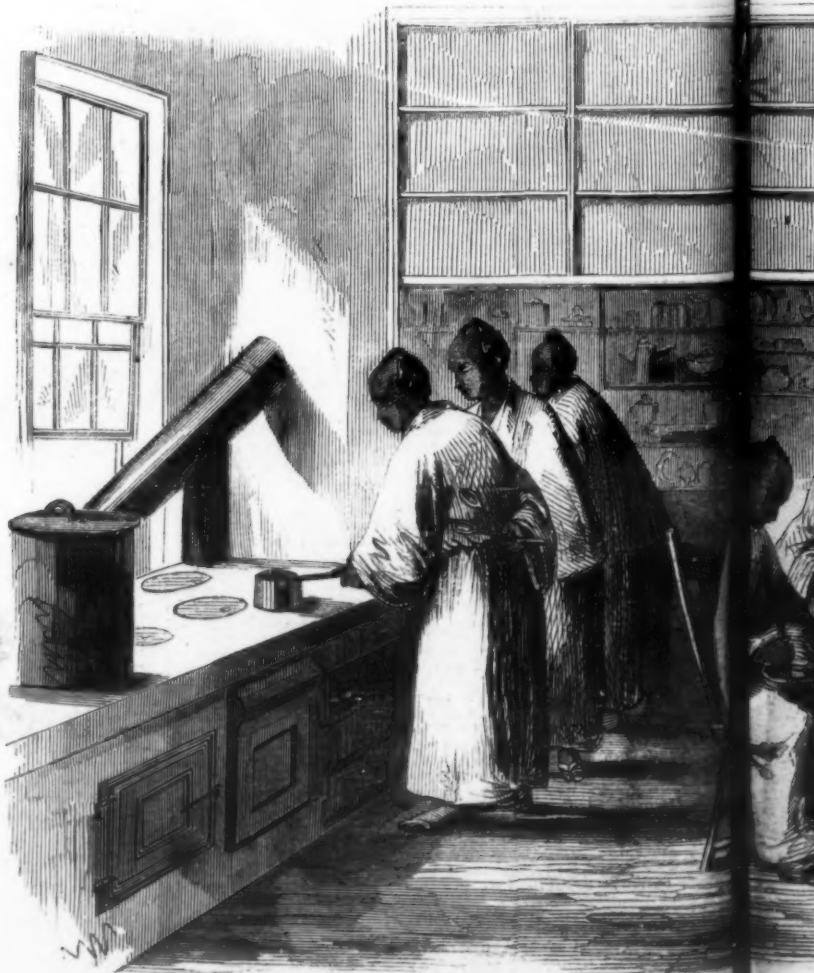


THE AMBASSADORS LEAVING THEIR APARTMENT TO GO TO THE STATE DEPARTMENT

#### THE JAPANESE IN AMERICA.

**They Sign the Treaty at the State Department.**

On the 22d of May, the Japanese Commissioners, attended by a few of their suite and a Committee of Naval Officers, visited the State Department for the purpose of fulfilling their



THE JAPANESE COOKING IN THE KITCHEN FITTED UP FOR THE PRIVATE



Sojourner Washington.—Taken on the Spot by our own Artist.

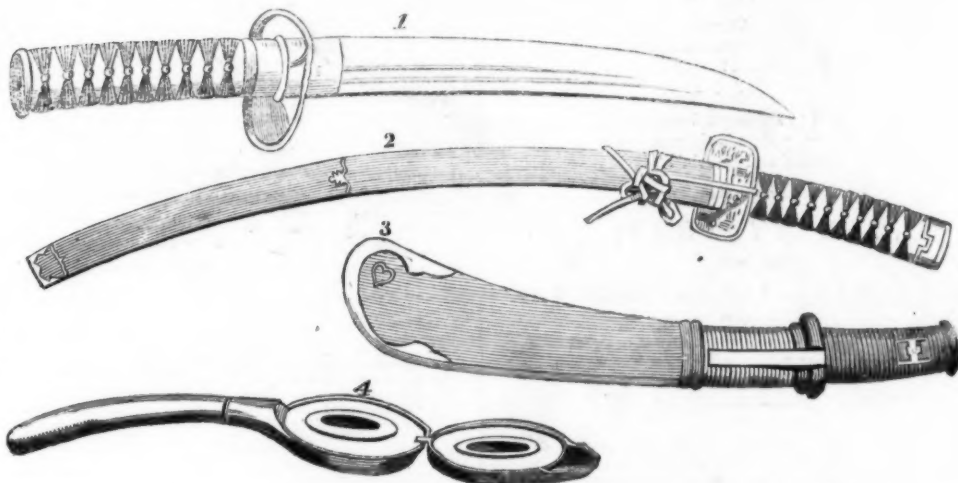


TO THEM IN THEIR HONOR BY GEN. CASS—THE SERVANTS KNEELING.

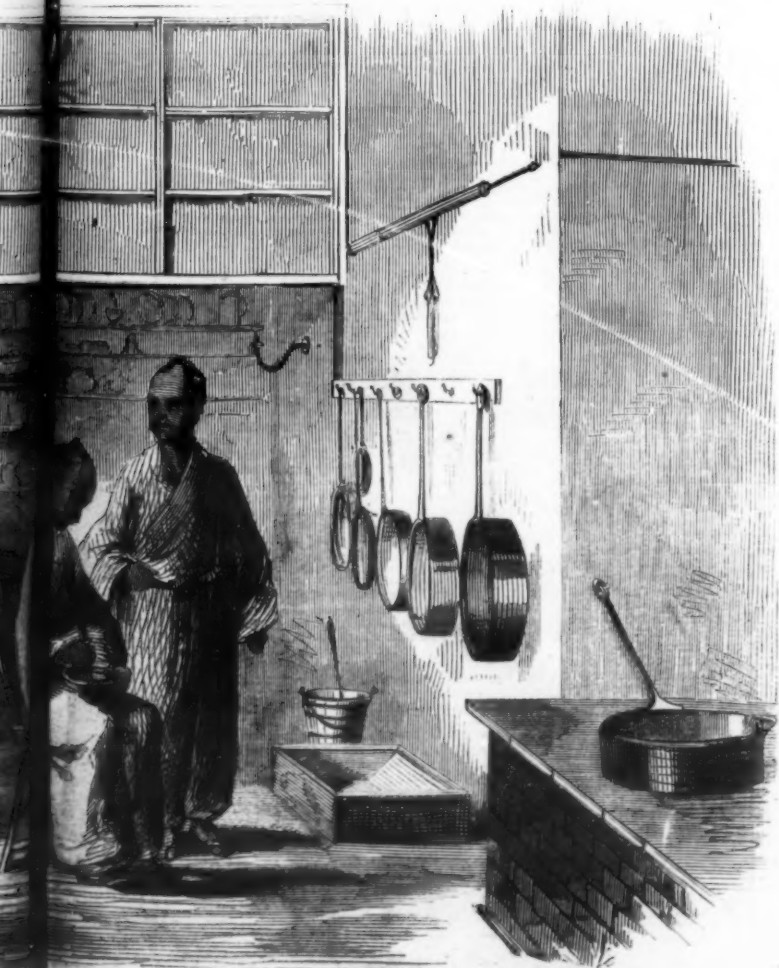
important charge—the ratification of the Treaty. This was all in all to them as Ambassadors, though it involved in reality much less trouble and ceremony than any other of their public engagements. The three princes went in formal procession, preceded by the ever closely watched Treaty-box (Continued on page 28.)



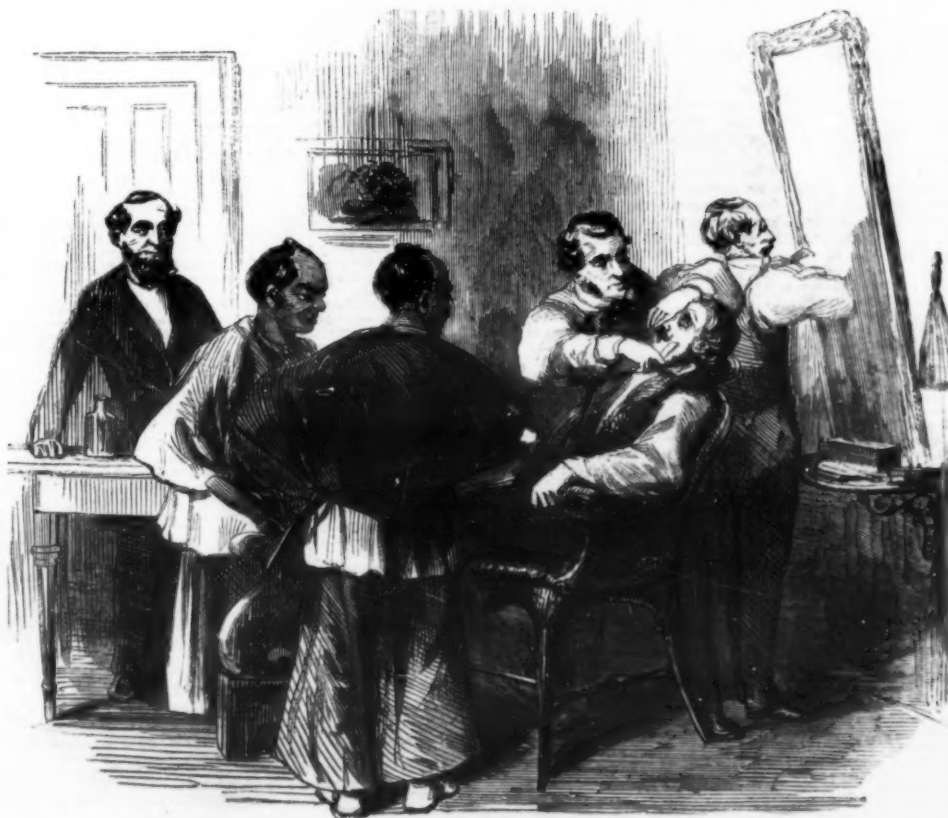
GROUP OF OFFICERS SMOKING IN THEIR PRIVATE PARLOR AT WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON.



SWORDS WORN BY THE JAPANESE EMBASSY—1. THE "HARI-KARI," OR SACRIFICIAL SWORD. 2. THE "CATANA. 3. JAPANESE SABRE, OR "WYKZAISEE." 4. JAPANESE INKSTAND.



PRIVATE USE IN WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON.



THE JAPANESE SEEING A MAN SHAVED IN THE BARBER'S SHOP ADJOINING WILLARD'S HOTEL.



## THE TRAGICAL END OF BILLY, THE BLACK BIRD.

A Black Letter Republican Ballad.

Who killed poor Seward?  
I, said old Greeley,  
And did it gently—  
I sent him to leeward.

Who caught his blood?  
I, said Abe Lincoln,  
In my little tin-can,  
I caught his blood.

Who saw him die?  
I, said Thurl Weed,  
I saw him bleed—  
Greeley knows why!

Who tolled the bell?  
I, said Webb, sighing,  
I sent the news flying—  
I tolled the bell.

Who made his shroud?  
I, said old Bennett,  
I was helped by the Senate—  
I made his shroud.

Who dug his grave?  
I, said John Brown,  
I dug it deep down—  
I made his grave.

Who'll be the parson?  
I, said Hen. Beecher,  
The Darkeys' great teacher—  
I'll be the parson.

Who'll be the clerk?  
I, said young Blair,  
With my clerical air—  
I'll be the clerk?

Who'll throw in the dirt?  
I, said Brooks, the Express man;  
I can do it, I guess, man—  
I'll sling all the dirt.

Who'll weep his fall?  
I, said Pete Caggar,  
For all my great swagger—  
I'll weep his fall!

Then all the Black Birds  
Fell to sighing and sobbing,  
Saying, "Here is the end of our  
Stealin' and Robbin'!"

## THE MYSTERY;

OR, THE

## GIPSY GIRL OF KOTSWOLD.

A ROMANCE BY J. F. SMITH,

Author of "Substance and Shadow," "Smiles and Tears," "Dick  
Tarleton," "Phases of Life," &c.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

Phil, on his arrival in Naples, had faithfully executed the commission intrusted to him. The letters from the chiefs of the order to which he was affiliated were delivered to their correspondents, who, fortunately for themselves, received intelligence of the Austrian occupation of the Romagna time enough to avoid compromising themselves by participating in the now crushed insurrection. He had neither papers nor tokens of any kind that could betray him, and, in all the confidence of a false security, indulged in the feelings which led him to choose the journey to Naples in preference to the mission undertaken by Oliver. The greater portion of his time was passed in the society of Bianca, in those bright waking dreams which youth so vividly paints, but after-life rarely realises.

Great, therefore, was his astonishment on quitting the residence of her uncle, to find himself arrested by a numerous party of police, who surrounded him within sight of his hotel.

"This must be an error," he exclaimed.

"You can explain it to the minister," was the reply.

Perfectly unconscious of the nature of his offence, Phil showed a bold front when brought before Signor Falconet, who did him the honor of interrogating him himself.

"Your name and country?" were the first questions.

"Philip Trevor, England," replied the young man, calmly.

"Is Trevor really your name?" demanded the minister.

"I am known to his Eminence the Cardinal Doria."

"And his sister and niece," remarked the chief of the police, drily. "That, too, I am perfectly aware of."

"Permit me to observe," continued the speaker, "you have not yet answered my question. Upon your honor, as an English gentleman, is your name really and truly Trevor?"

"I will not deny it," said the youth, after a moment's reflection; "you might find it difficult to prove your suspicions, for they can amount to little more at present."

"Indeed?"

"My name is Philip Blandford, and my motive for changing it—to avoid the persecutions of a relative who has more than once sought my life."

Signor Falconet began to listen with some show of interest, and resumed his examination.

"The names of the relative you allude to?"

"Sir Aubrey Fairclough—my mother's husband."

Although the secretary who was present could not pronounce the name which his agent, who followed the baronet to the hotel, had copied from the police-register, he felt convinced that it was the same.

"And his motive?"

"To inherit the large fortune which, on the death of my parent, reverts to me," replied Phil. "If I have erred in changing my name, it was in ignorance of your laws, or those who advised me never would have sanctioned such a step."

"My lady, Sir Aubrey's wife, then, at present possesses the fortune you speak of?" observed the minister.

"Yes."

This admission proved fatal to any feeling of interest the idea of his being rich might have inspired the chief of the police with; and yet he felt angry with his persecutor. The Englishman had purchased his co-operation too cheaply. Signor Falconet was not a man to be cheated, as he considered it, with impunity.

"And what may be the amount of this fortune you boast of?" he inquired, blandly.

"About twelve thousand a year," replied the prisoner.

The eyebrows of his excellency rose at the sum, which appeared almost fabulous to the ears of the Neapolitan.

"Decidedly he had been defrauded."

"It is my duty to remind you," he said.

Phil bowed submissively; the idea of bringing so high a functionary never once entered his imagination.

"May I be permitted to write to my ambassador?" he asked.

"Not at present."

"To my friends in England, then?"

"May I ask the reason for this unusual harshness?" exclaimed the prisoner; "my crime is not a very serious one."

"Of that the government is the best judge," observed the functionary.

"Remove him," he added, addressing the secretary, "and remember that he is to be kept in secret."

In other words, that the arrest of Phil was neither to be avowed if inquired into, nor spoken of.

Sir Aubrey Fairclough was exceedingly surprised on the following morning by a message—the sender was too careful to write—from the head of the police, requesting him to call upon him at his official residence at his earliest convenience.

An hour after receiving it saw the two worthies once more seated together, in the same cabinet where the first interview between them had taken place.

"Signor Inglesi," said the minister, "you have deceived me."

"Has the boy escaped?" eagerly demanded the baronet.

"Not so."

"He denies, then, having changed his name; send for the witness I named."

"Unnecessary," replied the functionary. "He acknowledged it at once."

"How have I deceived your excellency, then?"

"By concealing from me the motive—the real motive of your conduct. You have endeavored to overreach me."

"Signor!"

"Bah!" interrupted the Italian, carelessly, "it is too late to act the man of honor now. Why did you not confess my prisoner was your stepson?"

The baronet looked blank at the question.

"The heir of your wife's fortune?"

"You know that, too."

"Of course I know it," exclaimed his excellency, with a chuckle, "else where would be the use of the office I have the honor to hold? The police in Naples know everything."

"And pray," asked his visitor, somewhat reassured by finding that Phil was really a prisoner, "what has the young fellow being my stepson, or the heir of his mother's property, to do with our arrangement?"

"What has it to do with it?" repeated the functionary, turning red in the face. "Cesario, for coyness you English beat the world—what has it to do with it? Twelve thousand pounds a year! I do you imagine that I will lend myself to your scheme of robbing him of his birthright? Ridiculous! I feel that I have been insulted—in fact, very severely treated."

"By the amount?" demanded Sir Aubrey. "Remember the proverb you quoted last night."

"It is foolishness to buy shoes for a dead horse."

"Our compact is a dead horse," he added.

"Signor Falconet," said the Englishman, "let us understand each other. You are an excellent actor in your way, but I have trod the stage of the world too long myself to be deceived or even amused by this display of your histrionic abilities. You speak of conscience! It lies at the feet of the master you serve. Honor, pah! The assertion that you possessed the shadow of such a thing sounds very like a jest. If uttered in the public squares or streets of Naples, the speaker would be hoisted."

The astonished functionary was mute from surprise and rage.

"I am tired of this child's play," continued the speaker. "The fortune you allude to is considerably less, still I am willing to pay the value of it. I therefore repeat my offer—a thousand ducats upon his being sent to Bel Respiro, and the same sum upon his death—not another ducat. If a single carline added to the sum proposed would purchase your assent, I would not give it."

There was something so decided in the tone of his visitor that his excellency felt convinced that he had screwed him to the utmost limit.

"After all," he observed, "it would scarcely be right to break faith with so liberal a gentleman."

Seating himself at the table he commenced writing.

It was the written order for Phil's incarceration in the Bel Respiro, accompanied by strict injunctions to the head jailor to keep him as secret; and, in the event of any inquiries being made, to deny having such a person in his custody.

"And when does he depart?" inquired the baronet, after perusing it.

"At midnight," replied the head of the police.

His visitor nodded approvingly.

"And the money?"

"Call upon me in the morning, and I will have it ready."

"In gold," suggested Signor Falconet.

"In gold," repeated the Englishman.

The Italian smiled graciously.

"Two thousand ducats! After all," thought Sir Aubrey, as he retraced his way to the hotel, "the money is not ill spent."

That same night poor Phil was removed to his leathome prison.

Having, as he considered, effectually secured his interest in the fortune of his wife this time, the thoughts of the unprincipled destroyer reverted to Milly, for whom, strange to say, his passion had revived with all its former strength.

She had smiled, too, and Sir Aubrey could not forget that her first smile of love had beamed for him.

The knowledge that she was now a wife presented no bar to his unholy purpose.

"Is it possible," he asked himself, "that Dalville, knowing the past, can have married her? If I could separate them, she might be mine again."

Such was the reflection that haunted him. With all his cunning and experience of the world, Sir Aubrey Fairclough possessed but a slight knowledge of woman.

The only likely way of accomplishing the object he so much desired appeared by exposing the past—a dangerous act, when the determined character and position of the earl were considered. The hand that raised the veil ought to be prepared to meet no friendly grasp.

As the first step to working out his scheme, he determined to send Hanway to England, who appeared anything but gratified by the announcement.

"Fah!" said his master, "you need not see your wife, and Jaquette"—the name of his son's Italian nurse—"will doubtless remain constant till you return. I will have an eye upon her in your absence."

The valet looked anything but gratified by the promise.

"How long am I to be away?" he asked.

"That depends upon the wind, tide, accidents of travelling," replied the baronet; "once in England, you can do all that I send you to do in ten days."

At this assurance the constance of Hanway cleared again.

"You know the gipsy, Keolan?"

"Perfectly well, Sir Aubrey."

"Exert all your eloquence to bring him back to Naples with you."

"You forget his great age."

"Let him see the color of your gold, and he will forget it too. The old Roman never could resist the sight of it."

"But, how am I to—"

"I give you carte blanche," interrupted his master, impatiently.

"He will take the bait; I know him—and now for my last instruction."

The valet listened attentively.

"Do not return without him. Succeed, and on your arrival in Naples you shall name your reward yourself."

It was a difficult mission to persuade an aged man like Keolan to quit the ems of his people—but he who devised it knew the influence he possessed over the old gipsy—his thirst of gold. United, he trusted his power would prove irresistible.

By the next packet Hanway sailed for England.

As for the time that would elapse before the return of his messenger, Sir Aubrey Fairclough could not endure the thought of Milly enjoying it in peace. If he could not plant the pangs of jealousy in her pure heart, he knew that his presence would at least awaken terror, uneasiness, and he hoped regret.

Having been presented at the court of Naples before the arrival of the Earl of Dalville, the baronet, on all state receptions, retained the right of *entree*, although he rarely used it. This right, after due consideration, he determined to exercise on the first occasion he discovered his victim would be present.

"It will be glorious," he thought, "to see her shrink and quail before me—to mark the color of her eyes—its silent supplication."

Impatient for the gratification of this unmanly triumph, he waited anxiously an occasion for putting his project into execution.

It arrived at last.

The court of Naples at this period consisted of the late King Ferdinand, his first queen, a princess of Sardinia, and the queen-dowager—a short, stout, good humored personage, whose influence over her son for many years was unbroken. In fact, so much so, that he compelled one of the handsomest men in his kingdom to accept the hand of a royal widow in marriage, to the great chagrin of the gentleman and intense amusement of all his acquaintances.

When the Prince of Capua espoused Miss Penelope Smith, a few years later, his majesty proved inexorable. But then his brother's marriage was both an honorable and legal marriage, which, with the late pious Bombs, made all the difference.

The Countess of Dalville was in the act of presenting a lady, the wife of one of the attachés, to their majesties, when her eyes fell upon Sir Aubrey, who stood, surrounded by a group of his fellow-countrymen and courtiers, regarding her with an insolent, cynical smile upon his lips. For an instant, the heart of Milly sank, and she stood rooted, spell-bound to her place.

"Is the ambassadoress unwell?" inquired the young queen, kindly.

Even the brutal Ferdinand appeared interested.

"Milly" whispered a grave word near her.

It was her husband! and the sound restored her to herself.

With great dignity she concluded the presentation, and, stepping backwards from the presence, found herself supported by the earl.

"What has alarmed you?" he whispered.

"Take me from this place, and you shall know all."

The instant the cowardly persecutor saw that the husband of his victim was by her side, he disappeared.

He had no desire of encountering him.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

There was something inexplicably touching in that forced calm, which, like a thin veil, but partially conceals the visage of the soul—in emotions, tears, the grief that wrings the heart, or the remorse that breaks it. As the Earl of Dalville gazed upon the features of his wife, her bloodless lips compressed by the strong effort of an unconquered will, he felt that something terrible had occurred, but weakly shrank to question her till they reached their home.

Once there the recollection of Milly gave way, and, throwing herself into his arms, she wept bitterly.

"The spectre of my life has found me," she sobbed, in answer to his tender inquiries. "I have this day felt myself to be a living lie, unworthy of the name you have bestowed upon me. Oh, Arthur! Arthur! why did I weakly listen to my heart, and permit you to discover your rank and virtue by flinging your life with mine?"

"Have I ever regretted it?" demanded her husband.

"No, Arthur, no; it is your generosity that wounds me."

"Why, then, should you?"

"I saw him there—the destroyer."

"Harley?"

"Ay, the father of my child—the man whose glance can raise the blush of shame upon my brow. Had you seen his look, his insulting smile, as I stood before the throne; they seemed to rebuke my pride, to whisper in my ear, 'Milly, this rank, this respect which encircles you, the world's observance and homage, are but hollow mockeries; a word of mine can blast them; tear the false mask of virtue from your brow, and plant dishonor there.'"

"No, no," said the husband, calmly; "it would wither in a coil so pure; no, Milly, no. Light, heartless as society has become—rigid as are the laws which govern it, there would still be mercy for a fault like yours. He dares not do this thing," he continued, after a pause—"the villain dares not; his malice is disarmed by his own infamy."

"Alas! you know not yet what he dares," replied his wife.

His lordship reflected for a few instants. If not personally acquainted with those amongst his countrymen, entitled by birth or fortune to the *entree* at court, he knew them all, at least by name, and felt convinced that of Harley was not in the list.

"Describe this Harley to me, then."

It was a bitter task; but Milly felt that it was her duty, and performed it.

"Enough—enough!" interrupted her husband, folding her in his arms to conceal her blushes. "I know the man."

For several days he never quitted her; but passed the hours by her side in happy retirement, endeavoring, by the most devoted attention and manly delicacy, to bear upon the wound he could not cure.

The arrow had pierced too deeply for that.

It was on a lovely evening, about a week after the presentation at court, that his lordship absented himself to assist at a diplomatic dinner given by one of his colleagues.

His residence, like most of the villas in Italy, possessed a broad terrace communicating with the principal apartments. This was a favorite spot with Milly from the bay, and inhaled the cold breeze from the bay, whose deep blue waters rippled in the distance, reflecting the gems upon night's mantle, as in a sapphire mirror.

Milly was startled from her reveries by the sudden appearance of a man climbing over the balustrade. It was no ordinary terror that riveted her to the spot, for in the intruder she recognised her betrayer.

"Am I forgotten, Milly?" he demanded, in tones gentle as those in which the arch fiend prevailed on Eve to forfeit Paradise.

The sound of his voice dissolved the spell. In an instant her fears had vanished.

"Does the poor bird forget the serpent from whose fangs it has once escaped?" she replied.

"You wrong me, Milly—by Heaven you wrong me!" exclaimed the libertine, whose passion for his victim had returned to be his punishment and torment. "My heart has never for one instant changed. You cannot judge me—of those a firmness few women in her position would have been found capable of. Pity me."

"I do indeed," answered his victim, ironically.

"Feel for me!"

"Feel for you!" repeated Milly; "ay, such loathing as the true heart of woman feels for the vile, the cowardly and treacherous—the assassin in intent, if not in deed!"

At this unexpected accusation Sir Aubrey Fairclough quailed—he thought she alluded to the fire at Woodbine Cottage. He was mistaken—the speaker had no suspicion of that crime; it was the attempt upon the life of his stepson she referred to.

In his confusion he muttered something about their past love. A bitter laugh arrested the word upon his lips.

"Have you no fears?"

"I had, but they are vanished; contempt has supplied their place. If I do not call my servants to punish this intrusion, it is because I would not expose them to pollution by the contact. I pay them for their services, not their shame. Begone, sir! my husband will soon return."

"I do not fear him," exclaimed the baronet, passionately.

"Once more, leave me; my soul is sickened; spare me the unutterable loathing of your presence."

Never in the course of his long career of profligacy and crime had the betrayer felt so humiliated. It was not so much in the words, as in the glance that accompanied them. It was true Milly was pale; her features colorless as those of a statue, all except the eyes, which flashed upon him with withering scorn—living eyes set in a marble face.

Whatever might be the consequence, he vowed that he would humble her—shame her openly. Such were the baronet's manly ideas of vengeance.

"Your husband, Lady Dalville, shall pay me for this insult," he muttered between his clenched teeth.

"As an assassin! He is on his guard. He knows you."

Buffed in the attempt which vanity and returning passion for the victim had tempted him to make, Sir Aubrey Fairclough retreated as he came. With all his boasting he had no wish to meet the man whose honor he would have stained.

Exhausted by the excitement she had undergone, Milly fell back upon the marble seat, her hand pressed upon her heart, as if to still its throbbings.

"And I once loved that man," she murmured. "What a strange, strange thing is the human heart; few can fathom its weakness or its strength."

With a firmness few women in her position would have been found capable of, Milly related the interview with the baronet to her husband.

"Enough," thought the earl, "it is time for me to act."

In pursuance of this resolution, he waited the next day upon the intruder, whom a night's reflection had fully prepared for the meeting.

"Sir Aubrey Fairclough," said his lordship, "there is one man in the world whom I hold in such utter abhorrence and contempt that it is only under the pressure of peculiar circumstances I could condescend to meet him. That man is yourself."

"My Lord Dalville," replied the baronet, in a mocking tone, "there is only one man in the world whom I so much pity that I can pass over his insulting words. I will not follow your example; I am too polite to name him," he added, bowing pointedly.

"Enough, sir, we understand each other. My friend, Sir Harcourt Stanley, will—"

"Softly, my lord; it is a duel you propose."

"Yes. Little as you deserve that any man of honor should meet you, I descend to such an equality."

"What if I refuse?" said Sir Aubrey.

"I will compel you," replied the earl, with a cold smile.

"And so publish the cause of our quarrel? No, my lord, that will never do. Fortunately, I can command my temper, although you have forgotten yours. Of what is it you complain? Of my intrusion at your villa last night? It was an intrusion in an improper place, but will not the motive justify it?"

"Justify it?" repeated the husband of Milly, indignantly.

"At least, in the eyes of the world," observed the baronet; "I am quite hopeless of removing the scales from yours. Hear me, my lord—that is my right, and I do not feel disposed to waive it."

His visitor bowed stiffly.

"At the court of Naples, I discover in the person of the ambassador a woman who once lived with me as my mistress."

"Your victim, sir—deceived by a false marriage. The paper you drew up and both signed would have constituted a legal union in Scotland."

"But not in England," said Sir Aubrey.

"You imposed upon the simplicity of a mere girl."

"The world has no faith in girlish simplicity," replied the heartless libertine, with a cynical smile, "although it appears your lordship has—but that is your affair, not mine. I naturally felt puzzled, and determined to ascertain whether Milly was an impostor, or one of those remarkable instances of good fortune we read of in novels, but rarely encounter in real life."

"To ascertain this, I presented myself—privately, of course. Once satisfied she had the advantage of being your wife, I withdrew."

The case was cleverly put, and staggered the earl without convincing him.



generally point out some means of baffling its pursuit; or, at the worst, a place of refuge till it ceased.

No wonder the old gipsy felt the loss of such a minister. From the day she quitted him, his nephew, Kaled, began to form a party amongst the tribe, which Squills and Jinks were the first to join.

"It is a downright robbery to keep it all, like the dog in the manger, to himself, and make no use of it," argued Squills.

"Robbery is a crime," stammered the philosophic Mr. Jinks—"at least, the house-dwellers pro-a-ch so. Money was made to change hands."

Kaled listened and grinned. He perfectly agreed with the doctrine, but had not the slightest idea of permitting his uncle's money to change into any hands except his own.

There was one loss which the old gipsy felt, if possible, more keenly than his sister's—the absence of Milly. He missed her light step and merry song, her patient kindness, the fidelity with which she executed his orders, the watchfulness that secured his safety.

And yet it could not be said that Keelan had ever loved his grandchild; the only approach to such a feeling in his sordid heart was the interest he felt in his wife's foster son—the man who had betrayed her. For him there existed that sympathy which strong affinity of character inspires.

Finding his authority over the tribe he had lately ruled despotically all but broken, the old man had twice got the schoolmaster of a neighboring village, who came to his tent for a remedy for the ague, to write to the baronet, describing his position and imploring his assistance. No notice had been taken of these applications—possibly because the gentleman was in Italy—and the heart of the gipsy filled with bitterness.

"I will send to him once more," he muttered to himself, the morning he expected his secretary. "Woe to him if he remains deaf to my entreaty a third time; he shall find that I can sting him."

These words had scarcely escaped his lips when Kaled made his appearance. The ruffian had been drinking, probably to nerve his courage for the demand he was about to make.

Squills and Jinks remained at a short distance, watching the interview. "Well, old 'un!" he exclaimed, seating himself near the entrance of the tent, to the extreme corner of which his uncle had retreated as soon as he perceived him. "You stick to your ken like a toad to its hole, wuss to draw than a badger. You'll the sun draw you out!"

"I have very little to say to you now," answered Keelan, pettishly. "Well, that's true, if all the rest you ever said wor lies: the worms a' been waitin' for that old carcass a long while."

"Have they?"

"They must be pretty hungry by this time."

"Perhaps they may feed off your young carcass first," observed the old gipsy, bitterly. "Do you come to croak me? Rob me you can't," he added, cunningly; "I have taken care of that; ha! ha! the old 'un has disappointed yer."

"I'll tell yer what it is, uncle," said his visitor, roughly, "I ain't a come to croak yer, becoss it wouldn't be worth a feller's while—yer can't live yer long—not to rob yer. Why should I? seein' as I am yer hare. I think that's what Jinks called it; and if it ain't, it's all as one, seein' the meanin' on it is I am to have everything yer leaves behind yer."

"Are you?" ejaculated Keelan.

"No mistake about it," replied Kaled. "All I want now is the loan of ten counter. I'm off to Norwich fair—plenty of flats to be picked up."

"Pick them up there, then," replied Keelan; "it is useless to fish in waters where there are no flats. Ten counter—ten devils more likely. Where should I get them from?"

His affectionate relative pointed with a grin to the iron-bound chest. "There is not a penny in it—not a coin."

"A flimsy will do as well, I ain't particular."

"Neither gold, silver, copper nor notes, I tell you," exclaimed the old man, greatly excited; "I have removed them."

"How pleasant yer are this mornin'," observed his visitor.

"And lost the key."

"Shall I find it for yer?" demanded Kaled, mockingly. "Yer grabbers are cold—yer can't feel for it properly."

The eyes of the aged gipsy flashed fearfully, as he seated himself upon the chest, evidently prepared to resist any attempt to open it.

His nephew needed no second invitation. With real violence, but affected playfulness, he grasped the speaker by the neck, with the intention of dragging him from his seat.

The instant, however, that he touched him, the arm of the ruffian fell paralyzed. By a dexterous turn of the hand the knife of Keelan had severed the tendons of his assailant's wrist.

"Confound you!" roared the wounded man.

"The next blow," said his uncle, calmly, "sheathes it in the black heart of yer."

Kaled felt that he had gone too far to recede, added to which, pain and anger half-maddened him. Calling to his two confederates, they all three fell upon the wretched owner of the tent, whom they quickly disarmed and overpowered.

"Hold his head over the edge of the chest," said Squills, who had received a severe gash in the shoulder.

Jinks who was a powerful fellow, held the head of Keelan in the direction he was ordered.

"Stay!" exclaimed the nephew, "give me the knife. I can use my left grabber, though it won't prove so pleasant for him, mayhap."

There is little doubt the murderous intention of the speaker would have been carried into execution, but for the sudden appearance of Hanway and Martha in the tent. The former, on his arrival in England, had encountered the gipsy woman, and prevailed upon her, by a handsome bribe, to guide him to the encampment of her brother.

No sooner did the tawny hag perceive the intention of her son, than she sprang forward, and clutching him by his long black hair—the hair he was so proud of—threw him over.

"Martha!" exclaimed his two confederates.

"Ay, Martha," answered the woman, composedly, "it's time that I returned; Romany blood spilt in the tent of the Romany, and by Romany hands! Dog!" she added, "you shall swing for this."

"The Hearnas are as good as the Keelans," observed the ruffian, quoting her own words. "My neck ain't near the gallows yet!"

The gipsy woman replied by a bitter, mocking laugh.

"You can't escape it!" she exclaimed, in a tone of triumph. "Not a night has passed since the day you struck me that I have not bared my gray head to the winds, and repeated my curse."

Squills and Jinks, who felt anything but charmed at the idea of being disappointed in their philosophic views of dividing the contents of the strong box, looked first at the speaker, then at Kaled. The latter shook his head discouragingly; a superstitious fear had cowed his spirit.

Martha perceived their play-acting, and, stalking up to Jinks, dashed her huge bony hand into his face.

"Yer think I'm alone and afeared on yer, do yer?" she said—Hanway had prudently disappeared—"try it—why don't yer try it? Ho—he there," she added, bitterly, at the same time pointing to her son, "will help yer!"

"Hang it, mother," said the reprobate, "I ain't had enough for that. Smash it, Jinks—smash it!"

During this conversation, Keelan, who had partly recovered his recollection, contrived to creep from his position on the box to the opposite part of the tent where his pistols were concealed. A low, hissing sound broke from his thin lips as he fired. The bullet grazed the temple of the speaker. A line nearer and it had scattered his brains.

"There has been no peace in the tents since you left."

At this avowal a gleam of fierce satisfaction shot from the eyes of the gipsy woman; it was gratifying to her pride to hear how much she had been missed.

"From the day you took the glum, and separated," he continued, "that wolf cub plotted to rule the tribe."

"He rule it!" ejaculated his hearer, in a tone of contempt.

"I didn't yield an inch without a struggle, I can tell yer," continued her brother; "but youth is stronger than age."

"Not always," remarked Martha.

"I found it so," replied Keelan; "besides, I had no longer Milly to watch over me."

"Confound her!" interrupted the woman, passionately, "she is the cause of Kaled yielding to his evil star. Had she been true to him, instead of listening to the house-dweller, the lad had prospered. A Romany wife might have twined him round her fingers like a skein of silk."

"He sought me an hour since in my tent," said her brother. "I saw that he meant mischief; there was the same lurking devil in his eye I have watched in his father's."

"Not a word against his father!" exclaimed his hearer; "the Hearnas were as good as the Keelans, if they ain't so now. Well?"

"He wanted money—ten counter—for Norwich fair," he said.

"You refused it," observed his sister, speaking rapidly; "hot words passed between yer; I guess the rest. Speak of him no more; I hate to hear his name."

"Umph!" muttered her relative, doubtfully. "But what brought yer back?"

"I did not come alone."

"I recollect," ejaculated the old gipsy—"there was a man with you."

"The servant of the house-dweller—whose dark plots and schemings you have assisted. I met him by accident, thirty miles from this place, and guided him here. His master pays well," she added, as she marked the smile of satisfaction that stole over the grim features of her brother.

"Well, yes—moderately—moderately."

"I want no share in it," observed the woman, eagerly. "I made my bargain before I came, for I trust none on 'em. Keep his secrets and his money to yourself."

"Se k him," said her brother; "the scene he witnessed has frightened the white-livered menial. Seek him for me."

Martha nodded, and stalked sullenly from the tent.

"I know he would not dare refuse me," said the aged gipsy to himself; "I knew he would not."

He was still coughing violently when his sister returned, accompanied by Hanway, who appeared anything but satisfied with the position in which he found himself.

"Ugh! ugh! you are come at last," observed Keelan, as the tawny hag disappeared; she was too proud to stay uninvited, or to listen.

"Did you expect me?" exclaimed the astonished valet.

"For days—for weeks."

The messenger of Sir Aubrey Fairclough felt a sensation of fear creeping over him. He had not been in England more than forty-eight hours, and yet the gipsy declared he had been expecting him!

The mystery would have been clear enough had the old man alluded to the letters he had sent.

"My master wishes to see you."

"I know he does; ugh! go on."

"And has sent me to conduct you to him at Naples."

"Where?"

"And where's Naples?" demanded the owner of the tent.

"A short way down the river," answered the valet, with ready wit, perceiving that Keelan's ignorance was more likely to accomplish his master's object than his own powers of persuasion.

"Once there," observed Hanway, encouragingly, "you may consider the fatigue of your journey at an end. The boat will convey you almost to his door."

"Why did he not come to me?"

"He could not quit my lady and his son."

The word "son" seemed to produce a singular impression upon the old man. He repeated it several times in a low, chuckling tone, accompanied by a sort of hissing sound, which denoted he was pleased.

"How I should like to see it!" he answered. "I will see it. You said a son?"

The messenger nodded in the affirmative, secretly wondering what it could possibly signify to the speaker whether it was a son or a daughter.

"And he will inherit the title?"

"Of course he will."

"And the estate?"

"And the estate with it," replied the valet, somewhat impatiently, for he began to fancy Keelan was in his dotage.

"Well, well, I'll think of it."

"Better start at once."

"No."

"Suppose the fellows I found you struggling with should return. You best know their intentions."

"I am safe enough now my sister is with me," observed the gipsy. "Come to me in the morning."

It was in vain that the agent of Sir Aubrey tried to shake his resolution. He could obtain no other answer; with which, not deeming it prudent to remain longer in the encampment, he took his leave, promising to return the following day.

His guide, who was waiting for him, accompanied him till she saw him in safety on the high road to Kotswood, where he had decided on passing the night.

The following day, Keelan, unsuspecting of the trick about to be played him, accompanied the messenger of Sir Aubrey Fairclough to London, where they arrived at a late hour the following evening—too late, as he said, to proceed to his master's residence that night.

Hanway found the worthy broker at his offices in Mark-lane. He had just received a letter from Oliver, in which the writer informed him of his having discovered Sir Cuthbert Vavasour in the person of the elder Austin.

"I cannot tell you," said our hero, "how greatly this has disappointed and distressed me. My hopes are broken—my ideas upon the subject which brought me to Italy are vague and unsettled; for I cannot bring myself to believe that a man who has proved himself so honorable in so many other relations of life, would degrade himself by a foul conspiracy against the honor and happiness of a helpless woman."

"Perhaps not," said the reader to himself, "perhaps not. I see I must take the affair into my own hands."

The last paragraph of the letter startled him.

"I leave in a few hours for Naples to rejoin Phil. Of course you have heard from him."

Now this was the very thing his guardian had not done, and the more he pondered over the silence of his ward the more it alarmed him.

The feeling was painfully augmented when the agent of Sir Aubrey Fairclough presented an order from the baronet, dated Naples, for two hundred pounds.

"Has your master been long in Naples?" he inquired, as he signed the order for the cashier.

"About three months," answered the valet, carelessly.

"The child was born in Sicily?" added John Compton, fixing his eyes upon him.

"I believe so."

"You were not with the family at the time, then?"

"No," replied the fellow, determined not to afford him any information, even on the most trivial subject.

"Umph!" mentally ejaculated the broker, "another mystery."

Having received the order for the money, his visitor withdrew, to make preparations for his voyage. The packet was to sail that very day.

(To be continued.)

## THE JAPANESE EMBASSY IN AMERICA.

### The Japanese at Willard's.

The curiosity of our Japanese visitors has been abundantly gratified in a public way by the unbounded attention of our officials, controlled by the judicious and considerate care of the Commissioners, Captains Porter, Dupont and Commodore Lee. But our visitors indulge in a little curiosity on their own private account, and without any unnecessary display or parade. They evinced a keen desire to examine the domestic arrangements of the vast house in which they were so amply accommodated, the resources of which they deemed to be boundless.

In accordance with their expressed desire they were shown everything of interest in the hotel, and expressed much pleasure with their tour of inspection.

### The Presents to the President.

In our paper of the 26th of May we gave an illustration of the presentation of the gifts sent by President Fillmore to the Tycoon of Japan. We have now to illustrate the return of this courtesy, which took place on the 18th May, when the Japanese presents to Mr. Buchanan were transferred to the Naval Commission to be given to our Chief Magistrate. The articles are of the most magnificent description. Saddles, richly embroidered with gold and silver; bed-curtains and bed-screens, similar to those used by the Princes of Japan; two swords, similar to those worn by the Japanese dignitaries; paper-hangings, ornamented with gold; lacquered ware, including elegant vases, writing-cases, and a large assortment of most valuable articles of every description. It must be confessed that in the manufacture of such commodities the Japanese far excel all other nations.

### The Artist of the Embassy.

The artist of the Japanese is a most important member of the present expedition, since upon him will materially depend the impression the Japanese will receive of our manners, customs and appearance. Nothing escapes him; he is a short-hand writer of sketches. From the President to the waiter, all are depicted in his omnivorous sketch-book. It contains the likeness of the Honolulu Post Office and the White House. Not a group can gather at a street corner but they are transferred to some page to be gazed at by the mysterious Tycoon and his surrounding courtiers. The most amusing sketch is a party of about twenty old salts taking their grog on board the Powhattan; there is one nearly at the end of his nectar, another just on the sip, a third has got through his bibulous achievement; in a word, every phase of face is depicted with marvellous fidelity. Such is the observing, interesting and indefatigable man whose portrait we give in our paper of to-day. When one of our artists was presented to him he immediately took out his book, and in a very short time our artist had his goodly proportions put down in line for line, for the delectation of the Tycoon and his court.

### The Japanese in Willard's Laundry.

When they came to the laundry they were much amused at the sight presented for their observation. A number of healthy buxom lasses, full of laughing and funning, were busily employed in the mysteries of ironing all kinds of garments, mentionable and unmentionable. It was curious to watch the amazed, puzzled, yet grave expression on the faces of the distinguished visitors.

### They Inspect Wheeler and Wilson's Sewing Machine.

In the laundry also, they examined, with the most lively interest, the operations of a young lady on one of Wheeler & Wilson's sewing machines. Their curiosity was greatly excited, and their inspection was close and minute into the *modus operandi* of that wonderful machine. The impression made upon them was very marked and decided, and it was understood that one of Wheeler & Wilson's sewing machines would be prominent among the most valued articles they would take back with them to Japan.

This is as it should be, and we are glad that so splendid a specimen of American mechanical art should have been chosen, for in the article of sewing machines, those of Wheeler & Wilson's are certainly unrivalled.

### The Japanese in a Barber's Shop.

They were much amused on witnessing the operation of shaving, as performed in the barber's shop adjoining Willard's Hotel. What their private reflections were it is impossible to say, for their faces wore a puzzled expression very hard to interpret.

### The Japanese Kitchen.

In order to make our Japanese visitors feel as comfortable as possible, a kitchen was fitted up for their exclusive use, and as near after the fashion of their country as possible. This considerate attention no doubt rendered their sojourn at Willard's Hotel more comfortable and homelike than it otherwise would have been.

### They Love Smoking—and their Pipes.

The Japanese are fond of smoking, and in their private parlors indulge with much gusto in the friendly pipe. They do not take very kindly to cigars—their special affection is the pipe, and, perhaps, the smallest possible quantity of champagne—in goblets. We give, in another place, an engraving of the style of pipe they use, together with the case and the tobacco-pouch.

### Swords Worn by the Japanese.

They are made of very fine steel, and are worn in sheaths, half wood half leather, inlaid with silver. No. 2, the longest, is called *Katana*. No. 3, the sabre, the short one, is called *Wakizashi*. No. 1 is the *Hari-Kari*, or sacrificial, which they use to commit suicide by ripping themselves up when commanded so to do, or after some glaring breach of etiquette, after which no honorable Japanese could condescend to live. On the same block will be found a curious lacquered inkstand used commonly by the Japanese.

### Tommy, the Inquisitive.

It was the remark of an old philosopher that his experience had proved that the most inquisitive men from the days of Adam had been called Tom. It is only necessary to quote Peeping Tom of Coventry, to prove the assertion. *Ex uno disce omnes*. The same peculiarity evidently extends to Japan, for the funny or inquisitive man of the Japanese Embassy is called Tommy. He is also very fond of practical jokes, which has made him a universal favorite, with the slight exception of the victims. Good humor and fun sparkle in his face; he would be invaluable to edit a Japanese *Budget of Fun*. The enormous circumference of the ladies was not lost upon him. Various were his speculations—was it solid masonry? The idea that the American barbarians bricked up their women haunted him; he thereupon resolved to test the question, and upon one of our fair countrywomen venturing too near him, he could not resist the opportunity. He therefore caught the stray divinity, and satisfied himself by a manual examination that it was a marvellous network in which the fair sex kept themselves aloof from their admirers. Since then the wearers of crinoline and hooped skirts have fought shy of Tommy.

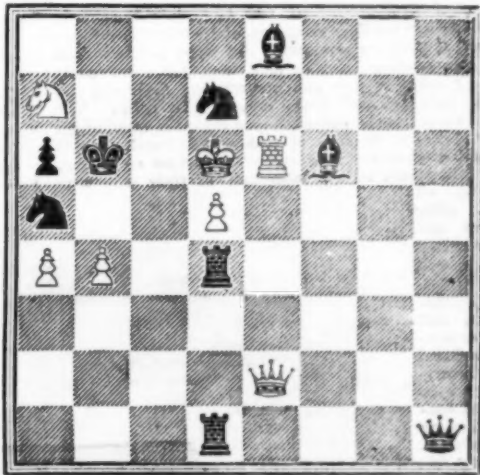
### Mr. Brady and our Artists.

Our artists, in company with M. B. Brady, Esq., the celebrated photographer, were permitted to take sketches of the assembled Japanese in their reception-room at Willard's Hotel. Mr. Brady also took many successful and beautiful photographs, which, together with others in his possession, will form a Japanese gallery of exceeding interest.

## CHESS.

PROBLEM NO. 289.—By Dr. REID, Philadelphia. White to play and checkmate in five moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

The following game was played in the mat b by telegraph between Manchester and Liverpool, which took place on Tuesday, the 27th March.

WHITE, Manchester, Mr. Wood.	BLACK, Liverpool, Mr. Sparks.	WHITE, Manchester, Mr. Wood.	BLACK, Liverpool, Mr. Sparks.
1 P to K4	P to K5	20 K to K2 (5)	R to K7 (ch)
2 P to Q4	P to Q4	21 K to R sq	R to K4 (ch)
3 P to P	P to P	22 K to K7	R to Q
4 Q to K8	B to K5	23 K to Q6 (ch) (A)	K to K5
5 K to K B5	P to Q B4	24 R to K8	R to Q sq
6 B to Q K5 (ch)	K to Q B3	25 R to K8 sq (ch)	R to R sq
7 B to K5 (ch)	P to B3	26 K to K B7	R to K sq
8 Q to K P	B to K K5	27 K to Q6	R to K sq
9 P to Q B3	Q to Q B sq	28 P to K B4	K to K K5
10 Castles	K to K2 (2)	29 R to K B5	P to K B5
11 R to K sq	K to K K5	30 R to K B5	K to K sq
12 B to Q4 (ch)	K to K2	31 R to K B5	K to K5
13 P to K R3	B to K R4	32 P to K5	B to K5
14 Q to K2	P to K B3	33 P to K6	K to B sq
15 P to K K4	B to K K3	34 P to Q K4	P to R4
16 R to K5	K to K B2	35 K to K B5	B to K K4
17 Q to K2	Q to Q2 (B)	36 R to P	P to K P
18 K to B3	B to K sq	37 P to P	R to P
19 R to K sq	P to K R4 (A)	38 P to K6	R to Q R sq
20 P to K K5	Q to K B4	39 P to Q K5	R to Q R sq
21 P to P	P to P	40 P to Q K5	R to K B5
22 R to K5 (ch)	R to K K sq (ch)	41 P to Q K7	R to K B5
23 R to P (ch)	Q to K	42 R to Q B5	P to Q6
24 K to K5 (ch)	Q to K	43 K to Q6	P to Q6
25 Q to Q	B to K5 (ch) (B)	44 R to K (ch) and wins.	

(A) Black's opening moves are far from being the most efficient ones.  
(B) P to K R4 appears most likely to embarrass White.  
(C) "Too late."  
(D) A good move.  
(E) Threatening to win White's Queen by R to Q6 (ch), after 23 R to K (ch), 24 Q to K5.  
(F) Very well played; if Black moves K to K2, White has Q to B with B3, winning the Q and game straight off.  
(G) Had White moved K to B sq, Black would have played B to K K5 (ch), and if K then moved to K2, Black plays K to K5, winning the Queen.  
(H) On this winning stroke White's whole combination hangs.—Ed.





BAND PLAYING IN THE GROUNDS OF THE WHITE HOUSE—THE JAPANESE AMBASSADORS, THE PRESIDENT, &amp;C., UNDER THE PORTICO.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST.

## JAPANESE IN AMERICA.

(Continued from page 25.)

under charge of Narousa-Gensiro, fifth in rank. They were received without any needless ceremony, and without any forms beyond those of ordinary courtesy. The large box was then opened by Narousa-Gensiro, who took from it a small casket most elegantly adorned with gold and crimson, lacquered and bound about with rich and heavy crimson silk cords. The Treaty was taken from it and laid upon the table, after which each prince signed it in order of rank. The utmost care was given by each, as if he had been engraving instead of writing, and as if a deep sense of the magnitude of their task were impressed on all their minds. After General Cass had signed the American copy it was placed in a rosewood case, handsomely mounted in silver, and given to Narousa-Gensiro, who placed it in the great Treaty-box, or house. General Cass then conversed with them on diplomatic subjects, appointing the following Thursday for the consideration of all such matters as were thus far unsettled. After being introduced to Secretary Kennedy of the Navy, the Japanese then retired, but stopped on their way homeward to the hotel to call on Mayor Berrett.

So gratified were the Japanese at having concluded the principal object of their mission that they on the same evening held what the *Tribune* terms "moderate revel" in their own apartments, inviting their friends of the American Commission. Later in the evening they held a public reception in the dining-hall of the hotel, Namours, the interpreter, introducing all who

chose to come. For half an hour they endured the silly questions and boorish intrusion of a Washington mob, and then retired to dream of better scenes.

## They Visit the House of Representatives.

On the 23d instant, there was, to borrow from the *Herald*, a decided improvement in Japanese affairs, which consisted in treating the illustrious strangers as gentlemen and not as hyenas. In fact, it must be admitted that, what with women and babes being intruded into solemn diplomatic receptions, and all the *ruscaille* and *canaille* of the town being allowed to paw them, the unfortunate Easterns have had a hard time of it.

On May 23d, however, at half-past eleven A. M., the Japanese Embassy, numbering some fifteen persons of different rank, in-

cluding the four principal ones and the interpreters, left Willard's Hotel for the Capitol, in pursuance of an invitation extended to them by both Houses of Congress. They were accompanied by the Naval Committee only, outsiders being kept at bay, Captain Dupont having in charge the Ambassadors and Censor; Commander Lee, the Vice-Governor, Gensiro and Jhugoro; Captain Porter had three officers next in rank, and the others all went in carriages by themselves.

Having been introduced to the floor of the Chamber, they remained there half an hour, closely watching all that was done. They were soon surrounded by a number of Senators. As they entered, the yeas and nays were being called. The nature of the Legislative proceedings were then explained to them through their interpreter. As has been seriously remarked, the representatives, while the Japanese were present, were fortunately guilty of no acts of folly or outrage on good manners, so that the foreigners will probably give in a much better account of their behavior than they are really entitled to. They were led over the building and shown the splendid ceiling, but to the astonishment of those introduced, they manifested much more interest in the mode of conducting the legislative proceedings than in any other part of the show. They remained but a short time, and then retired, followed, of course, by a loud laugh from the representatives and by a wild mob-rush of men and women from the galleries, which were left nearly empty.

## They Visit the Navy Yard.

On the 23d instant the Japanese Embassy visited, in company with the Naval Commissioners, the navy yard. Here they were re-



VASES PRESENTED BY THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN TO THE U. S. PRESIDENT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.



ceived by their old friend Commodore Buchanan, the Commander of the yard, who also commanded the flag ship *Susquehanna* during the Perry expedition. He welcomed his visitors with an excellent address, to which they feelingly responded. The first place shown was the forging, which greatly interested the foreigners. They were astonished and delighted at seeing the forging of the stem of an anchor. They then went to the steam boiler department, where they closely examined a large boiler intended for the steamer *Asasola*. The brass furnace, the manufacture of percussion caps, minie rifle balls, and casting howitzers, all gratified them, as did also the burning signal lights.

They were then photographed, after which they witnessed experiments in firing the Dahlgren guns, and visited all the departments devoted to casting shells and making machinery or other metal work.

After visiting all the prominent places of interest, they were invited to the residence of Commodore Buchanan, to partake of a handsome collation. In the parlor many ladies were assembled, and were severally introduced to the distinguished visitors. An appointment to dine with General Cass at six o'clock prevented a long stay; consequently they were precluded the possibility of examining minutely every object of interest.

An interview of the Commissioners with Secretary Cass, on the 24th, was not without interest. He had a long talk with them in regard to the currency between the two countries, and explained to them the benefits they would derive by fixing its standard similar to our own. They seemed greatly pleased with the suggestion of the venerable Secretary, and will undoubtedly profit thereby.

#### Their Accommodation at Willard's Hotel, Washington.

It is well known that in this country the system of accommodations for the travelling public is carried to a degree of perfection unknown in Europe, and that illustrious strangers who have had the best hospitalities of our hotels extended to them, have enjoyed as luxurious living as it is possible to have anywhere out of a royal palace. It may be, however, safely asserted, that no strangers have ever been treated with more care and consideration for their wants than the Japanese have been at Willard's in Washington, while the same regard will be shown them on a splendid scale at the palatial Metropolitan in this city.

At the former hotel the entire lower floor of one wing was given up to their use. Pains were taken to furnish, and otherwise arrange in a manner which it was ascertained would be agreeable to them, a suite of connected rooms ranging from Pennsylvania avenue along Fourteenth street to F street. Many of

the rooms were in fact newly furnished in order to accommodate all the guests. As the Japanese are fond of bronze statuettes, like their neighbors the Chinese, numbers of such works of art were scattered around the apartments, while handsome engravings, such as it was supposed would interest them, were liberally provided. It having been observed that large mirrors were greatly admired by them, several reaching from floor to ceiling were provided for their accommodation. At home the only mirrors known to them are small affairs of polish, such as are still used by Chinese—the same kind familiar to the ancient Etruscans. Bath-rooms, a private kitchen, and private street entrance all added to their comfort and privacy. That some pains were taken to give them room may be inferred from the fact that about sixty rooms were allotted to them, about twenty of which

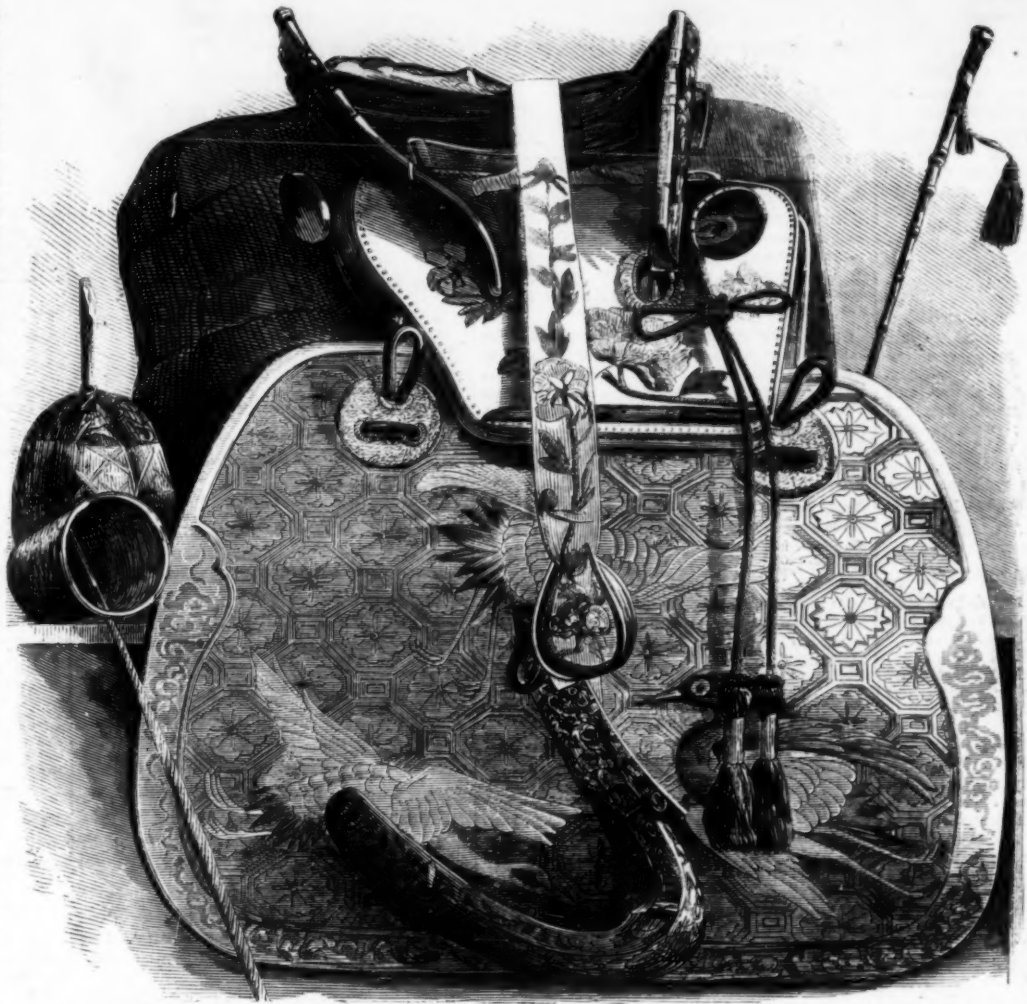
were parlor and reception rooms. The very liberal use which they made of the baths proved that the care which had been taken to anticipate their wants in this respect was not lost. In short, it may be said that the hosts of Willard's, by their liberal preparations, tact, experience and courtesy to their visitors, fully maintained the high character which they have long borne for ability to perform that task which a popular proverb establishes as the test of decided ability. They can keep a hotel, and like our Metropolitan hosts of this city, do it so as to perfectly satisfy Japanese, Yankees or any other reasonable people on the face of the earth.

#### Japanese Soldiers.

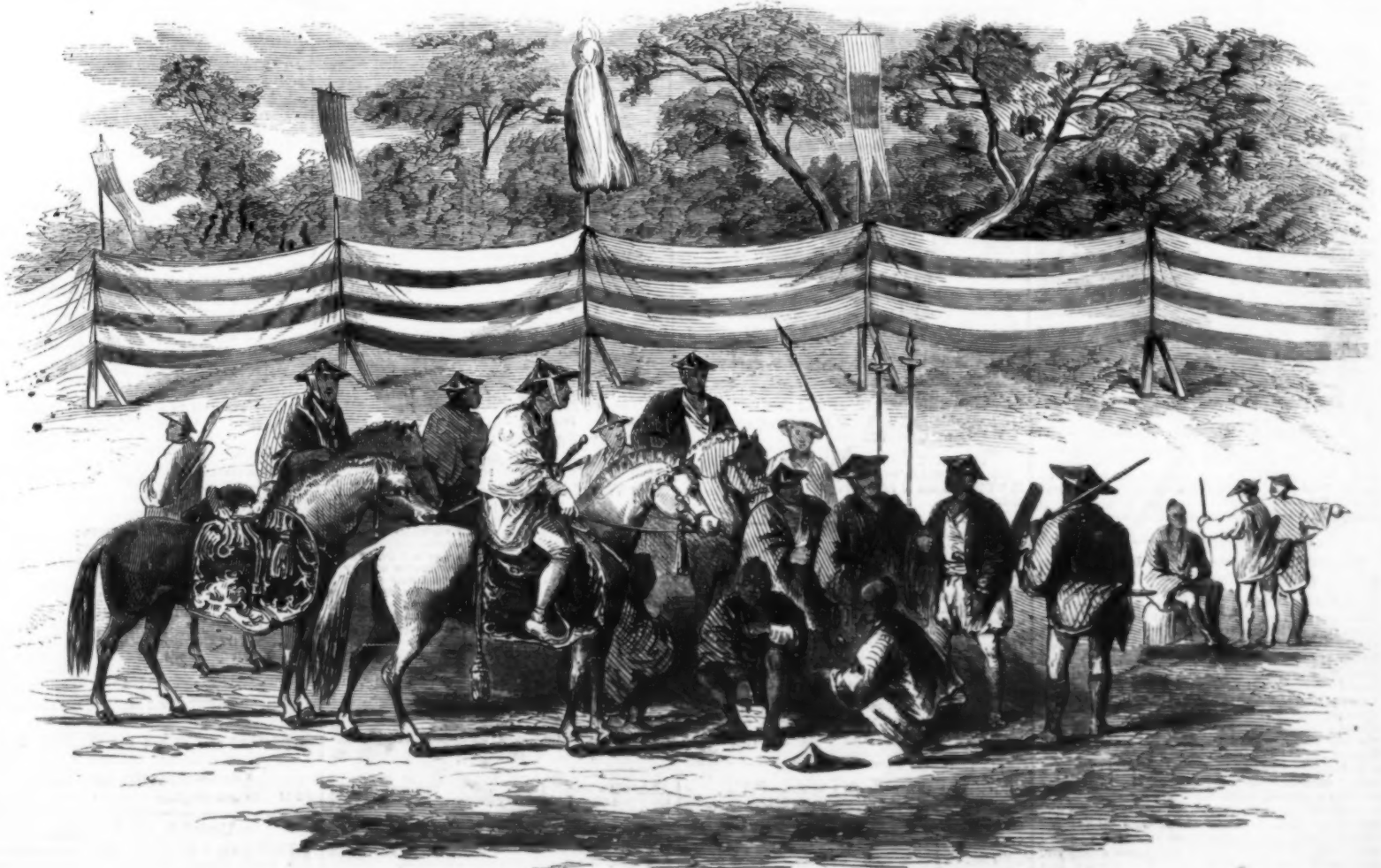
The Japanese soldiery, according to the observations of Commodore Perry, did not seem to be subjected to very strict discipline, while the general effeminate appearance and small stature of the nation appear nowhere to so little advantage as in the army. On one occasion, where more than five thousand were gathered together, it was observed that their dress was in most respects much like that of their other countrymen. Their arms were swords, spears and matchlocks. Those in front were all infantry, archers and lancers, but large bodies of cavalry were seen behind. The horses of these seemed of a fine breed, hardy, of good bottom, and brisk in action, and these troopers, with their rich caparisons, presented at least a showy cavalcade.

Of a body of military guards, it is remarked that those on the right were dressed in tunics gathered in at the waist with broad sashes, and full trousers of a gray color, the capacious width of which was drawn in at the knees, while their heads were bound with a white cloth in the form of a turban. They were armed with muskets, upon which bayonets and flint locks were observed. The guards on the left were dressed in a rather dingy brown colored uniform, turned up with yellow, and carried old-fashioned matchlocks.

On another occasion it was observed of a number of military officials that toward night the men clothed themselves with loose gowns, some of red and others of blue, with hanging sleeves, upon which were white stripes, meeting in an angle at the shoulders. On their backs were emblazoned coats of arms, or some insignia, in black and other colors. Most of them were bareheaded and showed the hair to have been shaved on the crown, while that on the sides had been allowed to grow long and was worn plastered with some species of ointment, and was fastened up into a knot on the bald spot upon the top of the head. A few, however, wore caps of bamboo, in shape like a shallow basin inverted, and reminding one of Mambrino's helmet. In some of the boats the men have tall poles



JAPANESE SADDLE, PRESENTED BY THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.



GROUP OF JAPANESE HORSE AND FOOT SOLDIERS AT YUKUHAMA, JAPAN.



surmounted by a cruciform ornament. The men in authority wore light lacquered hats, with a coat of arms in front, probably signifying their official rank and position, while others wear helmets of brass, with shoulder flaps of leather, as shown in our illustration on another page.

**The Japanese Listening to the Band in the Garden of the White House.**

The grounds of the White House have never been so crowded as they were on the day our Japanese guests visited them to hear the band play. A fairer scene was never presented to the eye. The assemblage of beauty and fashion was very great. The illustrious strangers were delighted, and they expressed their gratification aloud. It was a scene worthy of the pencil of a Poussin and a Watteau. The Japanese remained for about an hour the observed of all observers. The President had the good taste to introduce only one lady to them, and he could not have chosen a lovelier specimen of our American daughters than the one he selected. After a few compliments which it is presumed she could guess at from their languishing eyes and musical voice, she retired, much pleased, with that quietness of manner which is the distinguishing trait of aristocratic breeding. One of the princesses was so charmed with the scene, that he said to the artist, "Make good picture!" and we have no doubt he did it.

#### THE MONSTER BOWIE KNIFE.

The following is a description of this huge weapon, which might reasonably be supposed to have belonged to one of the "Giants Jack killed," or to be a relic from the land of "Broddingnag." The entire length of the knife, when open, is six feet seven inches, and weighs thirty-four pounds. The blade is beautifully made of highly tempered steel—exquisitely polished, and is thirty-seven inches long by four inches wide. Upon one side is the following inscription, engraved in a shield, beautifully enriched with arabesques, "Presented to Hon. John F. Potter, of Wisconsin, by the Republicans of Missouri, 1860." Upon the other side of the blade, tastefully surrounded with an elegant wreath and extending the entire length of the blade, in letters three-fourths of an inch high, is the motto, "Will always meet a Pryor engagement." The mountings are massively wrought in brass, and the sides of solid rosewood are held to the brass lining by heavy diamond-shaped silver-headed rivets.

The knife was made by the New England Cutlery Company, of Wallingford, Connecticut. The designing and etching on the blade was done by E. J. Compton, engraver, of St. Louis, and is a very creditable piece of work.

#### BREVITIES.

A civic youth, intending to offer marriage to a young lady, wrote to ask her to unite with himself in the formation of a "Art Union."

A CORNER marriage is thus noticed by one of our contemporaries: "Married, last week, John Cob to Miss Kate Webb."

It is said "the hare is one of the most timid animals, yet it always dies game!" Why shouldn't it, when it is made game of?

If we were asked what physician stood at the top of his profession, we should say it was the gentleman who was in the habit of attending "patients on a monument."

LORD MACAULAY met Mrs. Beecher Stowe at Sir Charles Trevelyan's, and rallied her on her admiration of Shakespeare. "Which of his characters do you like best?" said he. "Desdemona," said the lady. "Ah, of course," was the reply, "for she was the only one who ran after a black man."

SIR BOYLE ROCHE, the notorious blunderer, rose one day to the Irish House of Commons, and said, with a grave air, "Mr. Speaker, the profligacy of the times is such that little children, who can neither walk nor talk, may be seen running about the streets cursing their Maker."

A DISAPPOINTED artist, indulging in a vein of abuse against a successful rival, exclaimed, "He is, without exception, the most superficial, self-sufficient, ignorant, shallow creature that ever made any pretensions to art." "Gently, my dear sir," interrupted a gentleman; "you quite forget yourself!"

A YOUNG lady reprimanded her shoemaker for not following her directions respecting a pair of shoes she had ordered; and, among others, insisted that they were not fellows. Crispin replied that he purposely made them so, in order to oblige her, well knowing the modesty of her disposition, and that she was not fond of fellows!

A FRENCHMAN, having heard the word "press" made use of, to imply persuade—press that gentleman to take some refreshments, press him to stay, &c.—thought he would show his talents by using (what he imagined) a synonymous term; and he therefore made no scruple to cry out in company, "Pray, squeeze that lady to sing!"

**FOLLOW THE CHURCH.**—When Sydney Smith first got the prebendal stall in our Cathedral he was lodging in College Green, and as his fame as a convivialist was not then noised and known as subsequently, he was allowed to dine at home more frequently than one would suppose, and his dinner was always a beefsteak, and that beefsteak he always bought himself. I was then, as I am now, my own purveyor, and there were few days that I did not meet him at Borge's (his favorite butcher), overseeing and selecting his own cut. After Sydney had described a circle with his finger round a certain pin bone, and emphatically told the man of fat to "cut there and boldly," as the Roman augur said, Borge turned to me and asked, "And where will you be helped, sir?" "I'll follow suit," said I, "the next cut to Mr. Smith's. I can't go wrong with such a precedent." The canon's droll eye twinkled—his large, pointing and somewhat luxurious lip moved with that comic twitch which spoke the man, as he said, "You're a wise man, sir; this is one of the cases where you can't err if you follow the Church, and you'll find your obedience rewarded with good beefsteak."—*The Churchgoer.*

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American Watches come to the consumer unburdened by the various expenses and profits incident to importation—the total of which, including Custom-House duties, more than doubles the prime cost of the Watch before it gets to the pocket of the ultimate owner. This consideration of itself should decide the question in our favor.

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FOR JUNE, 1860.

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Blow Hot—Blow Cold: A Love Story—continued. Three Engravings.

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A Town on a Lake.

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Holly Wreaths and Rose Chains.

Eccentricities of Genius. Two Engravings. Thomson and the Peaches; Cowper and his Hares.

A Crimean Pic-Nic.

Killing a Whale. Six Engravings.

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Maryn Gossip—A Novel—concluded.

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About Matrimony.

Poetry—Florida; The Trysting Oak—Engraving; First and Second Love; The Gipsy Camp—Engraving; The Rosebush; Aprés—Engraving.

Miscellaneous.

#### List of Engravings.

Blow Hot—Blow Cold—The Hidden Ransom; The Escape;

Happy Hours.

Electrical Experiment.

The Trysting Oak.

Thomson and the Peaches.

Cowper and his Hares.

Killing a Whale—"There She Blows!" The Flurry; The

Whaler Aboard; The Whaler Ashore; Boat Attacked by a Whale; Signaling a Dead Whale.

The Gipsy Camp.

W. E. Burton—Portrait; Toodles Drunk; Toodles Sober;

Captain Cuttle.

The Eunice

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Pharaoh's Daughter Finding the Infant Moses.

Aprés.

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